SPORTY

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

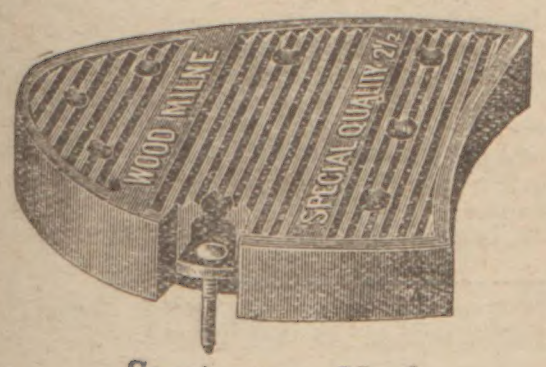
No. 53. [PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.] WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 6TH, 1909. ONE PENNY.

Wood-Milne Rubber Heels.

WHERE THEY TOUCH YOU.

Special Quality.
Ladies', 1/-; Gents', 1/3 per pr.
THE BEST HEEL MADE.

No. 3 Quality.
Ladies', 6½d.; Gents', 9d. per pr.



Stationary Heel.
Ladies', 1/-; Gents', 1/6 per pr.

1. Your Health.

An eminent doctor has recently stated that worn-down heels are excessively injurious to the spine; that persons who tread their heels down, slowly but surely ruin their health. He deduced from statistics and from personal observations that certain ailments are most prevalent among the persons who pay the least attention to the level tread. Every woman should wear rubber heels, so also should everyone suffering from nerves. The feeling of magnificent vigorous health they impart is wonderful. When you consider that in an hour's walk your boot heel strikes the ground 10,000 to 15,000 times, and that when walking on hard, stone-paved streets, each step means a shock to the nervous system, the importance of a rubber cushion for the heel is apparent.

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Nature intended man to walk on springy turf—civilisation compels him to tread stone-paved streets. With the aid of a WOOD-MILNE heel, every street is made as easy to walk on as springy turf, or a Turkey carpet. As the "Westminster Gazette" said: "The feeling they impart reminds one of holidays and walking on the downs. With their aid, exercise without headache and fatigue becomes possible for all."

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WOOD-MILNE heels last four times as long as leather—hence they save repairs. By keeping the heel level they prevent boots losing shape, hence boots last as long again and keep comfortable and smart-looking all the time. It has been proved over and over again that WOOD-MILNE heels save ten times their cost in the boot bill.

But, and a Big But.

They must be WOOD-MILNES—not the shoddy imitations which abound. Every genuine WOOD-MILNE heel has the name WOOD-MILNE moulded in plain letters on the face of the rubber. By that you can tell them.

Get a pair to-day. From all Bootmen.

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FOR EVERY READER OF "MODERN MAN."

READ THIS advertisement carefully, and if you decide to test the benefits to be derived from the use of **SANDOW'S GRIP DUMB-BELLS**, fill in the Order Form below with your name and address.

This done, return to us, and we will dispatch, post paid to your door, the Dumb-Bells you have selected. Use them *free of charge* for seven days, and at the end of this time, should you decide upon keeping same, forward a Postal Order for **2/6** as your first payment, and the Balance we shall be pleased to accept in monthly payments of **2/6** each.

If you decide not to keep the Dumb-Bells, return them to our address, and *no charge whatsoever will be made.*

With every pair we also send a Booklet of Exercises, showing in detail the way to perform each of the original exercises of the Sandow System, also a Chart showing how many times each exercise should be done daily by the average man or youth, together with hints on how, when or where to exercise, how to take a cold bath, and other useful information.

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HOW TO BE HEALTHY AND STRONG.

Everybody has the opportunity of proving the truth of the claim we make for the Grip Dumb-Bells. No references or other formalities are necessary—we trust you. We don't wish to labour the point, fill in the form below and try them for yourself for 7 days free of all cost.

The surest and quickest way to health and strength is systematic exercise, and the ideal exercise is obtained by regular use of Sandow's Grip Dumb-Bells. They give every muscle and organ of the body that exercise which nature *demands*, because, if perfect health and strength are to be acquired, exercise is as necessary as food.

Although such splendid results are derived from the use of the Bells, the exercises only take about fifteen minutes to perform, but they contain all the beneficial movements of a day's outdoor exercise.

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Some may ask, "Is it really possible for naturally delicate people to gain health and strength by using the Grip Dumb-Bells?"

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The springs being removable, the Dumb-Bells can be adjusted to suit the weakest invalid or the strongest athlete. Nickel-plated, packed in handsome box, with polishing cloth. One pair will last a lifetime.

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Gentlemen's Spring Grip Dumb-Bells at ... ... **12s. 6d.**
Suitable for age 18 and upwards.

Youths' ... ... **10s. 6d.**
Suitable for age 14 to 18.

Ladies' ... ... **10s. 6d.**
Suitable for age 16 and upwards.

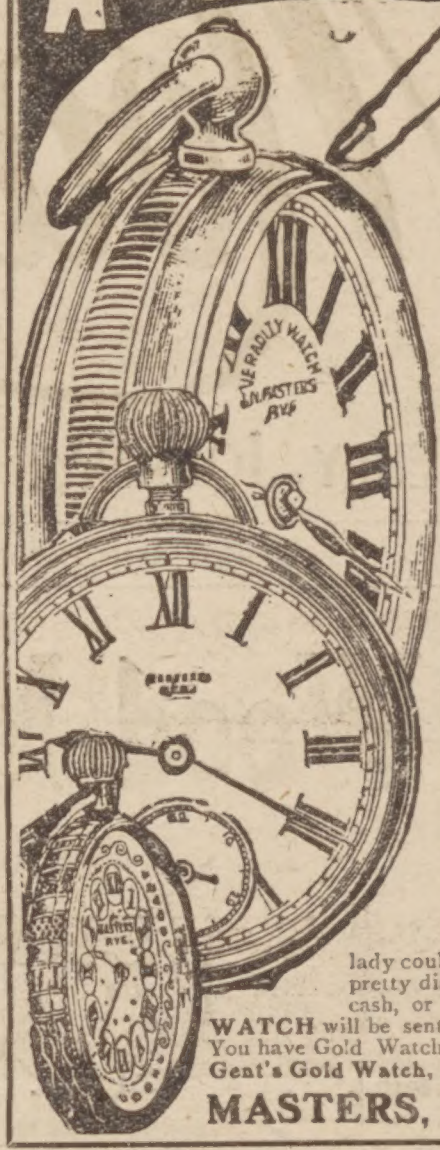
This order is given on condition that after seven days' *Free Trial*, should I decide not to keep the Dumb-Bells, I MAY RETURN THEM DIRECT TO THE ABOVE ADDRESS and NO CHARGE WHATEVER WILL BE MADE.

Signed.....

Address .....

* Please cross out sizes not required. .....

HAVE YOU A GOOD WATCH? 2/6 FIRST PAYMENT.



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Free to Enter

Free to Enter

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THE NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO. (31 Dept.),

94, Manor Park Road, LONDON, N.W.

The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 53. WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 6TH, 1909. ONE PENNY.

THE NEW HAND.

AN ATTEMPT TO ANALYSE HIS FEELINGS.

All my sympathies go out to the new hand, in whatever work he happens to be taking up.

I know the bewildering influence of a sudden plunge into an office filled with men one has never before seen. There is a strangeness and a feeling of being outside the circle of the life that goes on there. The new hand cannot tell who's who, and every new face that confronts him presents a problem that he cannot solve.

Will he ever take his proper place in the machine and turn out his work with the apparent ease and almost mechanical precision that the rest of the men are showing?

The very confidence in themselves that the others display almost takes the new hand's breath away. He wonders where they get it from. He knows, too, that they are all keenly interested in him.

What can he do? What sort of a chap is he? Will he fill the bill? These and a hundred other questions they are putting to themselves, and to each other when they think he is not looking. And should he happen to catch the curious eye of one of his new colleagues he is conscious of being read through and through with all his uncertainty and all his imperfections.

He throws himself furiously into whatever scraps of work are thrown to him on the first few mornings of his new engagement, and wastes much energy in trying to appear cool and collected.

But this dream of uncertainty, this nightmare of strangeness and mental discomfort cannot last for very long. Slowly the new hand fits himself into the niche prepared for him.

His first sensations of almost hopeless bewilderment have given place to a degree of confidence and a humorous amusement at his own former fears.

Much the same thing has happened with regard to the rest of the staff. He has during a week or two been able silently to sort the men out, to see who are ruling, and who being ruled, and to form a rough but fairly accurate estimate of the characters of those with whom he has to work.

Insensibly he has become more intimate with some than with others. His personal temperament is beginning to revive after the first subduing shock of newness, and he is finding among his colleagues—some who attract, perhaps some who repel him, and, again, some to whom he feels entirely indifferent. He is asserting himself.

Before a month is over he has shaken off his feelings of discomfort. He knows the ropes, and daily passes in and out among his fellow-workers, neither remarking them, nor himself the subject of remark. And long before he fully realises it he has become one of the old hands, who, in turn, will later on unconsciously inspire something like dismay into the heart of the next new hand.

S. ROBINSON.

CHEEK.

According to a contemporary we are threatened now with Japanese domestic servants. The Russians found them very proficient at breaking things, anyway.

* * *

President Taft says that the first duty of husbands is to keep their tempers. Lingerie having become such an expensive item, husbands find it rather a difficulty to keep their wives.

* * *

As there has now come to light records of a woman who persistently molested members of the Court in the Middle Ages, we begin to believe that, despite the popular fallacy, it was really "Votes for Women" that the late Queen Mary predicted would be found "written on her heart."

* * *

The gentleman who called on the Duke of Teck, obtained a half-sovereign from him, and then annexed the Copeland china, not only took the cake—but the dish also.

* * *

"An inspector, three sergeants, and fourteen constables have been transferred from various stations to Scotland Yard," said the "Daily Mirror." We understand now why so many suburban cooks and domestic servants are emigrating to Australia.

* * *

Although the suffragettes are going in for a starving policy, they are still—alas!—full of their subject.

* * *

The Kaiser proposes to restore Heidelberg Castle. It is not known whether Mr. George Alexander, who spent many nights in "Old Heidelberg," will be asked to superintend.

* * *

As there is some difficulty just now in finding Etukishook, it seems very probable that he has taken it.

* * *

The "Daily News" recently pointed out that many believe green is an unlucky colour to wear. Certainly. Especially if it is worn in the eye—on a racecourse.

* * *

A gentleman left £100 in his will to a faithful servant "for attention to my daughters." Yet a thick boot is sometimes all that amorous young men get for the same thing.

* * * * * *

Captain Scott has asked for £40,000 to equip an expedition for the South Pole. We hope he won't find it a frost.

* * *

Lord Granard, at the opening of the G.P.O. Arts Exhibition, confessed he was somewhat "surprised to find there was a connection between Art and the Post Office." Considering the number of sketches that hard-hearted Fleet Street editors continue to return "with regrets," this is less surprising to us than to Lord Granard.

J. B. PONDERS.

A MAN'S WRITING-TABLE

AND THE THINGS IT SHOULD HOLD.

I am not going to attempt to make any suggestions as to the furnishing of a man's office desk, for that is usually settled for him by the custom of the office in which he works, or by the necessities of his business.

I am thinking rather of the writing-table which every man ought to have at home, whether it be a little bamboo affair in a corner of his bedroom, or a more elaborate bureau in his own private den, if he is fortunate enough to possess such an apartment.

There are very few men who like to write letters, and half their reluctance is due to the fact that the process of letter-writing, being unprepared for, is unpleasant. When, on the contrary, you have close at hand a table reserved for correspondence and furnished with all its requisites, you have every inducement to take up your pen and write that line which your old friend is looking for.

I should say that the first necessity for a writing-table is a blotting-pad—one of those oblong, cardboard affairs, with leather corners, into which you fit half-a-dozen sheets of blotting paper. The cost depends on where you buy it, but you should be able to get a very respectable pad for less than a shilling, along with the necessary number of sheets of blotting-paper.

There should also be on the writing-table one piece of blotting-paper separate altogether from the pad. It is very unpleasant to dry a letter by pressing it down on a pad and rubbing it over with your hand, while the process of pressing a piece of blotting-paper on top of the letter is, strangely enough, less irksome.

You should, by the way, see that your blotting-pad is kept clean; when the top sheet becomes inky or dusty, you should rearrange matters so that another is uppermost.

You do not want any elaborate fitments, for this writing-table of yours is for use rather than for show, but you do want all the necessary items. Ink, for example, must be there in two varieties, black and red, and a penny bottle of each will answer the purpose admirably. The bottles, by the way, should be corked when not in use, so as to keep the dust out.

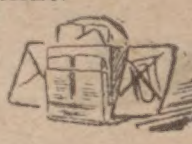
One pen is enough, but have it provided with your favourite nib, and have two or three similar nibs in reserve.

A penny footrule comes in handy at times, and there should also be, either on the table, or in a drawer below it, a ball of string, a bit of sealing wax, a piece of india-rubber and a pencil.

Your stationery will depend on your finances. If you can afford it, you will have notepaper with your address embossed at the top of it, but, whatever quality the paper is to be, see that there is a fair supply of it.

Also make certain that you have a sufficiency of stamps.

G. RAIKES.



PIQUET.

THE CARD GAME FOR CHUMS.

Men "digging" together are often hard put to it, especially in winter, to pass an hour or two in the evening before time for the final pipe and "turning in."

The weather may not invite them to go out; reading is rather unsociable, and a game of cards is the readiest way of passing the time.

The difficulty is to find a really good card game for two. "Nap" for two is a footling game, so is poker; double dummy whist or bridge have their points, but you require to be an enthusiast, and also an expert, to enjoy them.

Ecarté is a fine two-handed game, but Englishmen have never taken very kindly to it, and it is apt to be monotonous unless played for high stakes, and chums certainly do not want to gamble.

The difficulty, I repeat, is to find a really interesting and enjoyable card game for two—difficu't, that is, unless you happen to know piquet. If you don't, then let me introduce it to you as a splendid game for two.

SOME OF ITS POINTS.

Piquet has the following attractions: it is a game where superior skill will tell in the long run, but at the same time there is enough luck in it to give the duffer a chance; it is a "brainy" game, but not too much so—you must keep your wits about you to play it well and judgment will score, but it does not require the exhaustive concentration of, say, chess. It is a very bright game, full of possibilities, with practically endless combinations of chances and hands; and last, but not least, it affords plenty of mild excitement even when played for very small points, for there is always the chance of bringing off a big coup.

Thus an average win over one game of piquet is from 120 to 150 points, but with great luck you may win over 400 points in one game. Playing ten points a penny and a rubber of three games (a game takes from 20 to 30 minutes) you should not, with average fortune, win or lose more than a couple of shillings; with great luck you might win as much as five shillings, and with phenomenal good or bad luck you might be seven or eight shillings in or out.

SIMPLER THAN IT SEEMS.

At first sight piquet looks rather complicated, but anyone should be able to learn the play in two or three evenings, though to play piquet well requires practice, study, and a certain aptitude for cards.

In a short space it would be impossible fully to explain the game, and, failing a friend who knows it, your best plan is to buy a handbook—Cavendish on Piquet, for choice—and "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest" its contents, playing dummy hands with yourself or your pal until you have mastered the rules and methods of play. But I may here outline the principles of the game.

A piquet pack consists of an ordinary pack of cards from which all cards *below* (not including) seven have been removed, leaving 32 cards.

The dealer deals twelve cards to his opponent, twelve to himself, placing the remaining eight cards face downwards on the the table—of course, without having looked at them. These eight cards are known as the "stock."

"ELDER" AND "YOUNGER."

The non-dealer is known as the "elder," the dealer as the "younger" hand, and there are six deals (three each) to a game, though some players prefer to play only four deals, doubling on the first and last.

The "elder hand" has the privilege of discarding any number of cards up to five (he must discard one), and replacing them from the top five of the stock. The "younger hand" may discard one, two, or three cards (he must discard one), replacing them from the stock. If the "elder hand" does not take all his five cards, "younger" may discard to take as many as are left, in addition to the three he is always entitled to.

The discard is very important in piquet, and the players discard with a view to counting certain scores in their hands by declaration before a card is led.

With the exception of *carte blanche*—*i.e.*, when you are dealt a hand without king, queen, or knave—declarations are made after the discard, and scores accrue strictly in a certain order.

CARTE BLANCHE.

After *carte blanche*, a rare hand, comes "point"—*i.e.*, your longest suit. If "elder hand" has 7 of a suit and "younger" only 5, elder's "point" is "good," and he scores one for each card of his point. Thus a "point" of 7 that is "good" scores 7.

Next come sequences. To a sequence that is "good"—*i.e.*, better than any held by your opponent—you score one point for each card in it and add ten. Thus a sequence of 6 counts 16, but a sequence of 4 only 4.

Next you score by fours or threes of a kind (cards below ten do not count). Fours are worth 14 points, but threes only 3.

Now, as remarked, piquet is full of possibilities. If you can count 30 in your hand before your opponent can count anything—that is, if all your declarations are "good"—you add 60 points to your score. This is called a repique.

If by declaration and leading (there are no trumps, and cards have their ordinary value) you can make 30 before your opponent can score anything, you add 30 to your score. This is called a pique.

CAPOTTING.

If you take every trick, you "capot" your opponent, and add 40 to your score. Tricks count 1 each, except the last, which is 2, and the player who wins most tricks scores an additional 10 points.

At the end of a game the loser's score is subtracted from the winner's, and the winner adds 100 points to the difference. Thus if A has 160 points and B 120 points, A wins 140 points.

But if the loser fails to score 100 points in all, then he is said to be "rubiconed," and the winner adds the loser's score plus 100 to his own. Thus A, having 160 points and B 95 points, A adds 195 points to his own score—160 plus 195—and wins 355 points.

Repiques, piques, capots, and rubicons lend endless zest to the game, while discarding for the draw is an art, or rather a science, based on the probabilities of drawing a certain card or cards from the stock. You will find these chances worked out in any book on piquet.

S. L. WALKER.

If you have not yet taken advantage of our Readers' Sale and Exchange Page, you have been missing a valuable opportunity. A brief announcement there will enable you to sell anything you want to dispose of profitably, and it need not cost you more than a shilling.

WHEN THE FARMER GOES A HUNTIN'.

A COUNTRY SKETCH.

When your gentleman follows the hounds, his valet gently knocks an hour earlier than usual. He yawns, rubs his eyes, lazily rolls out of bed, languidly dresses, revives a little as he thinks of the run, whilst peering through the window on a chill autumn morn, and finally canters away, cigar finished, appearance polished, to where his head groom has been waiting patiently for half an hour, pacing a beautiful chestnut in perfect condition—a hunter, with the quickness of a racehorse, and the power of—a hunter.

He drops off his hack, mounts, trots, turns the corner, and—runs into Farmer John, who, with glowing, beaming face, bright eyes, and sturdy figure, is seated astride a huge brute, which has the power to take, and the will to rush, any fence in the country.

The burly yeoman looks as fresh as a daisy, and this is how he got here:

A pale, grey light glimmers through a small, old-fashioned window; all is hearty sleep (that is, the energetic variety). A loud American alarm rattles out a hoarse warning; it's 4.30.

A faint "ding dong, ding dong," steals across the misty meadows, over the wood and through the little window, from the church a mile away.

That does it. Farmer John sits up, yawns. "Dang that alarm clock!" he says. He heard the church clock's gentle chime, but somehow the alarm didn't wake him.

He opens the small casement, and whistles joyfully as he glances at the dull, misty morn—it's going to be a fine day. He breaks into song. Somebody—it might be the wife, who isn't going hunting—passes a few remarks on peace and quietness.

Farmer John closes the bedroom door gently, then yells out: "Garge! Garge!" in a voice that makes the dogs bark, the cock crow, the pigs grunt, the cows open sleepy eyes, and a massive three-year-old put his ears back and kick as though he knew it meant him.

"Garge," in particular, is soon wide awake; everybody else is half awake, and wondering whether it is a fire or what; but they don't wonder long. There's no more sleep, for Farmer John is going hunting.

The dogs are loosed, the pigs inspected; then it's "Coom up!" a large beefy, honest hand cracks like a pistol shot across a stubborn animal, and it's swill and shovel and barrow, and fodder for the horses, the cows, the bull, the pigs, the hens, even the pigeons aren't forgotten—all done with a cheerful rush and a merry song, that well comes the autumn sun two hours before his time.

Now Garge comes on the scene. There's a bustle and clatter of clogs and buckets, as animals are cleaned. There's serious consultation over the old mare: Farmer John says colic; Garge says she's knackered; and the mare says nothing but thinks a lot.

Then the, ahem! hunter is inspected. It is agreed he is a hunter, even Garge admits he's spirited—he picked Garge up by the corduroys one morning, and that's enough proof for him.

He is brushed, combed, curried, watered, and fed, and he stamps, plunges, and kicks—all in playfulness—while Farmer John gives him a pat that would knock a man down.

Then there's a welcome cry: "John, breakfast! Garge!" Buckets and barrows are dropped, and it's inside to a cheerful, low room, a roaring fire, a bountiful table, a buxom, apple-cheeked wife, sturdy youngsters, and the beef and the "tea" which disappear is marvellous.

After breakfast, outside again, till at last comes a pause. Farmer John retires, dirty and begrimed, to reappear clean, fresh, and wholesome, in his only sporting suit and leggings and boots.

There is a cheer as his gallant horse breaks into a smart trot. Garge yells, "Hope ye'll have a fine run! Good luck!" and we see him cantering down the lane riding like a roughrider, and joyous as the lark overhead.

F. HANSON.

Captain "K."

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

We live in an age of reform. His Majesty's Government has plainly shown that it takes the Territorial Force seriously. The country at large affects to believe implicitly in it, and several decidedly cheap "patriotic" songs have been sung upon the music-hall stage about our "brave Territorials."

The Territorial Force has survived all these things, which proves that there is backbone to it. Wherefore, let it be said that Captain Antony Keller, otherwise "K.," held a commission in the old Volunteer Force long ere the heavenly Haldane had purged it of its many iniquities.

Captain "K.'s" corps, too, has carefully dropped its pet name, and is content to be known merely as a numbered battalion of the ————shire Regiment, which, if plain, is decidedly preferable to its old cognomen of "The Laid-up-in-Lavender Brigade."

The "Lavender Brigade" had headquarters that befitted its name. The officers' mess was decorated in a manner worthy of a crack regiment in the regular Army, so far as luxury went—but the alleged trophies of the South African and other wars that graced the walls had been purchased wholesale from a bankrupt museum.

The fact was eloquent of the general tone of the "Lavender Brigade." The gentlemen who girded on tin swords to wear with their post-office red and gold-laced coats joined the "Brigade" merely because it was the thing—"fearfully smart"—and they carried far more side than officers of the Guards.

The corps was run on musical comedy lines. Captain Keller, a young man with an air of reckless gaiety that the womenfolk adored, took the leading part, and played it as lightly as any musical comedy "book" could desire.

So they christened him "Dear old K.," and obligingly allowed him to stand as many little mess dinners as he liked.

The "Lavender Brigade's" shooting practice—when resorted to because the boring authorities insisted on the corps going through the dreary formality—was faulty. A veil may be drawn over what the G.O.C. wrote officially to the Colonel. There is no need to draw a veil over the Colonel's reply, as he did not trouble to answer the communication. And this is an instance of the usual manner in which the affairs of the "Lavender Brigade" were conducted.

Sufficient unto Captain "K." was the fact that the corps held the honour of providing the best regimental balls in the county. The men themselves, assimilating the ideas of the officers, were far more at home in a set of Lancers than at drill.

Now all this might have continued until the old Volunteers were swept away, and the supposedly adequate Territorial force was launched upon the unsuspecting British public. But it chanced that the blind circumstance which we call Fate had much in store for the "Lavender Brigade," and Antony Keller its leading captain.

It came to pass that vastly unpleasant things happened to the easy-going Captain "K." There was a bank that went wrong, a lawyer who decamped after misappropriating certain moneys that belonged to his various clients—one of whom merely *happened* to be Captain "K." It was a coincidence, also, that Captain "K." had been living far beyond his means, having made up his mind not to economise until the very day that the first twinge of gout assailed him.

The news, after the tactless manner of bad tidings, came all at once, and the result was that Captain Keller, the polished wit, had to think *seriously* for the first time in his life. Most of it fell upon him one November evening—dreary, foggy, damp, and depressing.

The news of the bank's failure had spoilt Captain "K.'s" breakfast that morning. That night the letter announcing that the solicitor had taken a moonlight flit nearly took away his appetite for the supper he was giving in the officers' mess. He found that, after careful balancing, his assets consisted of precisely the amount he had in his pocket—quite infinitesimal.

He looked at those few coins as he sat by the fireside. Then he drifted into his Past—a thing no man with the ordinary, murky sort should allow himself to do. Conscience, it is said, makes cowards of us all. Captain Keller permitted himself to look into the future, but he could not see *what* would happen.

One thing was certain. He would have to resign his commission almost immediately, give up the "Lavender Brigade"—and little Mainwaring, in addition! This was perhaps the hardest blow of all. He could face everything except the loss of Mainwaring, his right-hand man and good friend.

Dusk that evening had long since merged into darkness. Captain "K." sat in an easy armchair and gazed into the fire. He took a photograph of a lady down from the mantelpiece and murmured simply, "Thank God, I've kept it to myself and never told her. She won't know . . . she won't ever know *now*."

Then—remember that there were none to see him—he took occasion to bury his face in his hands and think wild things. Hideously enough, it appeared before him. Gad! By his very example he might be ruining that comparative boy, Mainwaring, who was ever delighting the "Lavender Brigade's" officers with the charm of his company and the point of his keen wit. . . . A good boy . . . a fine boy, whom *he* was ruining! Perhaps it was as well that the crash had come! . . .

Captain "K." raised his head from his hands, and looked around in the shadows cast by the fire.

"Dare I? Dare I?" he whispered hoarsely to himself.

He went to the drawer of a writing-desk, and drew therefrom something that glinted in the firelight. . . .

Then he sat down and started to laugh—mirthlessly, madly.

Had it not been for the failure of a damp cartridge to act, Antony Keller's maddened and foolish soul would have winged its way into Eternity that night.

The revolver clicked, . . . but there was no flash.

Captain Keller flung the weapon to the far side of the room.

"It's the decree of Fate!" he exclaimed.

A cynic might have remarked upon the fact that he had not tested Fate with the five remaining cartridges.

* * * * * * *

Some ten minutes later he had formed a resolution, and, attired in his big military cloak, Captain "K." stepped out swiftly into the night.

The fog was hanging about outside like a wet blanket.

In the officers' mess, to which he was proceeding, there was but little gaiety.

It was little Mainwaring—a lieutenant of the "Lavender Brigade"—who manufactured various plausible (and otherwise) excuses for Captain "K.'s" dilatoriness. Already he was some minutes late, and the company were beginning to say things—or, worse still, think them instead. Not that anyone had ever known Captain "K." to turn up strictly to time.

Said the latest second lieutenant importantly: "A man who'll keep his guests waiting at a mess dinner ought to be——"

The curtain-hung doorway opened.

"Court-martialled!" said Captain Keller, entering.

The company generally arose and grouped around to greet their young host effusively—as befitted a man whose delight it was to provide his brother officers with champagne suppers.

But Antony Keller's face was white, dead white, in contrast with his brilliant mess uniform, and his grasp was limp.

"What's the matter with old 'K.'?" said the whispers all down the festive board. Retired majors of the corps, who still took an interest in it, and had incidentally cultivated a decided taste for the captain's after-dinner cigars, were scandalised. In their day it was the custom of the host at least to be genial. This man had greeted them just as if he did not care a fig for their company.

That dinner was a conversational walk-over for the aforesaid majors, who said, "Damme, sir!" in accents which might have led the unlearned to believe that they had obtained their peppery tone from India's climate, although, if anything was responsible, it was the contents of the tin canisters at the grocery stores from which they had long since retired.

The bewilderment of the younger members of the mess deepened when, after the coffee, liqueurs, and cigars stage had been reached, the captain rose, evidently with the intention of making a serious speech.

They listened for two minutes to a few halting sentences in which Captain "K." was manifestly feeling his way. He stood, resting one supporting hand on the shoulder of Mainwaring, who sat on his right. His face was a little flushed now under the light. It came upon them like a thunderclap.

"Gentlemen," he said—his eyes grew misty and dim—"I want to leave this regiment in a state at least *making* for efficiency. I regret—deeply regret—that I shall not be with you to see you materialise the plans which I am about to lay before you!"

"Good heavens, he's drunk!" said someone at the end of the table.

Young Mainwaring looked up into his chief's face in alarm.

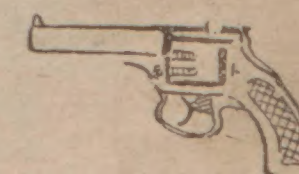
But before ten minutes had passed the mess became aware that their captain was strictly and painfully sober. He spared neither himself nor his brother officers. He spoke long and earnestly of the necessity of improving the regiment's shooting average, of field days that should not be picnics, of camps that should be noted for solid work, and not notorious for inane play. The company decided they were listening to a madman. His last sentences made them sure of it.

"I would like you," he concluded after a pause, "to follow my suggestions. We've piffled and fooled with our trust too long. I want to tear down these shams—these false gods—that I have set up all around me. I want you to say that, at the last, Captain 'K.' tried to make of the Lavender Brigade a regiment of men!"

Silent amazement was all that greeted the concluding sentence. No one knows precisely what happened. Young Mainwaring felt the hand on his shoulder grip him momentarily. The grave eyes above him asked a question.

"I'll see it through, old man," Mainwaring whispered. Then the hand on his shoulder lightened. The next thing he heard was the shutting of the mess room door.

Captain Antony Keller—"K." no longer—had gone.



STRENGTH SECRETS

SOME VERY STRAIGHT TIPS.

[I have pleasure in presenting for your perusal the following article by Mr. T. Inch, the well-known expert on physical culture. In it he deals not only with his own methods, but also with those of other famous strong men, whom he has had special facilities for studying.— EDITOR.]

This article, it must be thoroughly understood, is not meant to be in any way an attack on any well-known system of training. There must be, however, very many readers of THE MODERN MAN who aspire to at least some of the strength and physical development with which our strong men, and particularly Continental wrestlers, are endowed.

The author, in his capacity as a physical culture expert, is naturally in a position to throw some interesting sidelights on the real methods of training that famous strong men adopt.

There must be hundreds of readers who have for years experimented with advertised methods of getting strong, and there is no doubt that in the majority of cases a tremendous amount of disappointment is experienced.

The explanation of this lies in the fact that, with the exception of my own advanced course of training, the strong man's method of exercising has never been exploited from a business point of view, nor, as far as I am aware, has any article of a like nature to the one I am writing at the express wish of the Editor of THE MODERN MAN appeared in any periodical.

I should, perhaps, make an exception in the case of an article by Hackenschmidt, the well-known wrestler, which appeared some time ago in a physical culture magazine, when great surprise was caused by his declaring that he never used rubber developers or such-like methods of training, but pinned his faith solely to weights.

When approached on the matter for my opinion, I was not able to go quite so far as Hackenschmidt, because I maintain that light methods of training are most useful in the case of ladies, children, and persons of sedentary occupation.

Exercise I. Specially designed for the back and abdominal muscles.

It is my purpose in this article to quote names as much as possible, so that readers will see that I am able to substantiate all that I say when I claim that the real methods of our famous strong men have never before been published.

We will take Arthur Saxon—holder of the proud title, "strongest man on earth."

For a considerable length of time I managed Arthur Saxon's affairs and practised with him every day, so that it will be admitted that I should know how he trains. He pins his faith to weights of the disc-loading pattern—the discs varying in weight from 2½ lbs. to 15 lbs., and he works on the principle that, as time progresses, the weight of the bar-bell must gradually increase.

As for rubber developers, or even light dumb-bell work, Saxon always ridiculed all such exercises from the strong man's point of view, asserting that as rapidly as he, by a fearful amount of hard work, attuned his muscles to the terrific strain of his nightly performances on the music-hall stage, light exercises would as quickly undo all the good of the heavy work.

Hackenschmidt has always openly admitted that he trained with weights, to which fact he claims that he owes his success as the world's champion wrestler and one of the best all-round athletes the world has ever known.

I am able to state, of my own personal knowledge, that the following world-famed athletes and strong men all trained on a similar method to that of Saxon and Hackenschmidt:

Lurich ...	Hackenschmidt's challenger.
Wilhelm Tuerck, Steinbach	Famous Austrian strong men and holders of world's records.
Maspoli, Bonnes, Deriaz Bros.	Famous French strong men and holders of world's lifting records.
Louis Cyr ...	Famous Canadian strong man and holder of world's lifting records.

Zbysco, Padoubny, Siegfried, Constant le Marin, Kock, Beaucarois, Vallotton, Apollon, are all well-known Continental wrestlers, and have claimed world's or national championships, and most of them have appeared in London. All these men have trained with weights, and here it must be stated that all would-be strong men have to work very hard indeed.

On the face of it, the reader will quickly see that if muscles are going to be put to a terrific strain at weight-lifting, on the music-hall stage or in fierce wrestling encounters, the training preparatory to such work must be in accordance with the terrific strain anticipated, and it would be ridiculous to do a few light exercises daily, and then expect the muscles to strengthen suddenly and at a moment's notice, and attune themselves to the pressure of, say, a 250lb bar-bell, which, after all, is not in the hands of some of the men I have mentioned considered a very heavy weight.

Exercise II. An exercise for the shoulders, back and legs.

I shall describe two special exercises which are much practised by professional strong men.

EXERCISE I.—Lie on back, prone, bell held over chest. Holding bell in this position rise to a sitting position. This is a capital exercise for the abdominals, but care must be exercised in performing same for fear of overstrain. Don't return bell to the floor, but repeat from chest.

EXERCISE II.—Take up a firm position, with the feet about 12 inches apart, left hand resting on the left knee, right hand grasping dumb-bell, *which must be stood on end between the feet.*

Now lean back slightly and swing bell up in front of the body with *straight arm.* Give just sufficient impetus to the weight by leaning backwards and straightening the legs, also pressing with the left arm to take overhead with the added leverage exerted by the right shoulder muscle.

By this method the deltoid will be developed in a surprising manner. The lift must be performed fairly slowly, not quickly. *Resist the weight of the bell in going up and lowering as much as possible with the deltoid.*

Repeat with left arm.

Having found what weight of disc bar-bell suits you in the different exercises, all you have to do is to keep adding a small disc occasionally as your strength increases.

Your famous strong man is not half so "faddy" about food as one might suppose. In a word, he eats all he can, and, so long as the food is nourishing and good, he is not very particular what it is, but the best muscle-forming diet is brown bread instead of white, cocoa instead of tea, peas, beans and lentils, beef, mutton, chicken, different varieties of soups, oatmeal porridge, milk, and cheese.

T. INCH

"THE MILLS OF GOD."

A HUMAN SKETCH.

She was only a peasant lass, and she helped him to pass the time away.

Just the miller's daughter, full-bosomed, white-throated, red-lipped, with hair that had caught the reflection of the setting sun, and eyes that held a tint of green in their brown pools.

And he was a man about town, exiled from his paradise because of his great extravagance, and waiting for the parental storm to blow over.

Meanwhile he found his quarters at the quaintly picturesque mill house very pleasant. And Meg was an added attraction.

So he made love to her idly and gracefully, as one versed in the pretty pastime, in the intervals of fishing and boating.

Only he forget to make sure that she understood the game as well as he did.

Of course it went farther than he had intended. An idle man and a rosy-lipped maid play the game of love for all it's worth in the long summer days, when the streamlet sings to the rushes and the wild bees woo the flowers.

And when he said, "Come back with me, and I will give you all a woman can desire," Meg said "Yes."

But she forgot to ask him if a wedding-ring was included in that "All." The man went openly, shaking hands with the bluff miller and his comely wife. He went away with the clacking of the mill in his ears, and the rushing of the mill-race.

He was glad to leave the country; it had palled upon him, and he was glad to quit the mill.

So he left it behind him, not knowing that those other mills of God were waiting for him!

And the girl followed him by stealth to the city where he had promised to give her all a woman desires.

He kept his word, and her—for the space of time that his passion lasted for hair of gold and eyes like brown pools.

Then he gave her money and left her—still forgetting those mills!

* * * *

Years have gone by since that little episode closed—years in which the man had done his best to get rid of as much of his manhood as possible.

He is a *flâneur* still, but a little more of the satyr than he was when he lured the miller's daughter away from her home.

He idly saunters through fashion's favourite haunts, nodding to one or two acquaintances airily, as is his wont.

The dusk is falling, but the shops are still gaily lighted. Mayfair is shopping. There is a sudden commotion in a side street.

A motor has come into collision with a remnant of humanity. A spectator murmurs in response to his inquiry, "Oh! a woman—a Magdalene." Another jests about "damaged goods." Something impels him to push forward among the crowd.

He sees the face, knows it even after these years. The impress of sin which he had helped imprinted is deeply bitten in.

He shivers, remembering the soft, red mouth that had known no man's kisses until he had put his false lips upon it.

He gazes at the tangled mass of hair, glowing copper in the light of the policeman's lantern.

He draws back. Those blood-bespattered garments are not as red as the robe of shame which he put on her in those summer days when they wandered through the woods, or sat and watched the big water-wheel and listened to the merry click-clack.

"Quite dead," says a voice.

He glances at the motor—a big red car—a monster thing to crush a moth.

Then he goes home and tries to forget, but the wine is red and he flings it away with an oath.

He is afraid. He begins to hear the click-clack of those terrible mills—which grind relentlessly—and he knows that there is no escape.

A. M. STEWART

ON GETTING UP

AN EVERY-DAY ADVENTURE.

I suppose there really are in the world some extraordinary people who leap out of bed with glad eagerness the instant the servant pummels on the door and calls "Hot water, sir," or who do the same thing in immediate response to the demoniacal dinning of an alarum clock.

I suppose there are, though I have never found any. The more usual thing, as regards the former, is to switch off a dream just long enough to grunt "All ri', all ri'," and then to snuggle an inch deeper beneath the clothes, and try to catch up that dream just where you left it.

Now and again the incoherent response takes another form; for instance, a tap on the door has a peculiar knack of reminding me of my office, and instinctively I call "Come in!" or some such inviting phase, which is apt to create complications if one is staying at an hotel and the knocker-up is an unsophisticated chambermaid.

As for alarm clocks! Phew! To have serene slumber startled to wakefulness by an abominable clanging is torture unendurable. Out sweeps your arm viciously, and the tintinnabulating offender goes clattering on to the floor, to the accompaniment of splintering glass and your own unuttered maledictions.

No. A man ought to be allowed to get up just when he pleases. It is not that he is indolent—his pride revolts at being made to obey the mandates of mechanical menials.

A MATTER FOR STRATEGY.

If he were left alone he would get up at the right time and in the right frame of mind. He wants to lie and think out just what work he is going to do during the day. It is the time for contemplation, for evolving schemes, for reflecting on resolutions. Why, Voltaire concocted all his brilliant epigrams while inert on his back in bed, and Napoleon said, "It isn't the sleeping, but the getting up, which proves a man." Anybody can see that he meant men to make an art of getting up, to exercise strategy in assaulting the problem, and not to charge at it like a drunken dragoon at a fortified farm.

Myself, I love getting up. I love it so long as I am allowed to do it in my own way. In common with many famous men, I have the gift of waking at whatever hour I like. If I don't wake at the desired hour, I invariably unfold my eyelids at a time previous; I never go to bed intending to wake at seven to catch my 7.30 train, and then snore till 8.50.

I know this, because I proved it only the other day. I was having a holiday in a country town. My object in going there was to haul the scaly slipperers from the translucent stream. I arrived with an elaborate outfit of piscatorial perquisites and a tremendous fund of optimism, and I never caught a fish from the time I started till the time I left.

JIM AND I.

Don't mistake me. The skill behind the rod was all right, but, as Jim satisfactorily explained, the fish weren't on the bite. Anyhow, I got to know Jim, so the holiday wasn't wasted.

Jim, you understand, was the local boatman, and, of course, knew all the spots in the river where fish ought to be caught. He was a short, square man, with a complexion like a perpetual blush, and hair and moustache the colour of dried hay. There was about him the calm, unconscious insolence of man when he is absolutely free and independent. You know the kind of insolence I mean; it is quite distinct from pride, which is always aware of itself. You see it in the eyes of a crouching lion in a cage, when he looks through you and through you to something beyond.

Well, Jim being the local boatman and I an ardent fisherman, we arranged to meet one morning to go mushrooming. Jim said he knew a splendid place to find 'em. He had said that about the fish, but, of course, this was an altogether different matter. Mushrooms, in a particular spot at which Jim hinted darkly, were to be found as thick as chalk.

The appointment was for 5.30.

MY OWN ALARM.

I made use of no alarm clock, I ordered no servant to call me; I just went to sleep, determining to wake at five o'clock sharp.

I woke at twenty minutes to three. "Good!" thought I. "That gives me tons of time."

It was beastly hot in bed. I got out, and went and thrust my head out of the window into the night air. Rain was falling. I got back into bed.

Jim, the previous evening, had been narrating gruesome experiences about *delirium tremens*, not his own, but in connection with others. I gathered that if any tippler in the town happened to catch the unfortunate affliction, Jim was the one and only man of service. He was powerful, and marvellously impervious to illusions.

Suddenly I realised that I had gone to sleep and missed Jim. I jumped hurriedly out of bed. I dragged on trousers and socks, fought my way into a shirt, half strangled myself in the endeavour to button my collar; then . . . I stared long and fixedly into a corner of the room.

A brilliant red beetle, as large as a hedgehog, was wobbling towards me. I watched it, fascinated. Another one came in sight, this time a brilliant blue, and yet another, half blue and half red.

I felt my nerves curling and trying to creep into my body. I waited, sweating.

UNWELCOME VISITORS.

They came on until the foremost was within an inch of my foot. Then I yelled. I yelled considerably. My landlord came. He was dressed in a frock-coat and a short nightshirt.

I clutched his arm.

"Can you see 'em?" I said. "Can you see 'em?"

"See what?" he asked.

I heaved a vast sigh. "It's all right," I assured him. "They're not there."

He shook my hand warmly, and went silently away.

A lady came in. She was wearing a little straw hat, and her skirt was short, revealing elastic-side boots. I shouldn't have minded this so much if she had been anything worth looking at. But she wasn't.

"Do you really love me?" she asked, huskily.

"I don't know," said I. "Do I?"

"You told me so last night," she whispered secretly.

I fell to the floor. Great swirling waves of blackness rushed towards me. I became a tiny cork in an immense sea—drowning, drowning. I fought for life, fought grimly, desperately, kicking my legs as though attempting to walk upstairs on my back.

I awoke. It was a quarter past five. And my head was really aching.

But the morning air cleared it away. And we did get some mushrooms. To be exact, we got three.

ARTHUR JACKSON.

MYSTERIES OF THE ROAD.

A MAN'S FEELINGS ON THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

No man who has seen much of the road as cyclist, horseman, walker for pleasure, or tramp of necessity, can have failed to speculate on the variety of feelings, thoughts, and vague impressions that different roads and different stretches of the same road will produce upon him.

In the course of a day's walk or ride he will experience an almost infinite variety of feelings as the miles come and go; feelings that, so far as he can judge, are entirely aroused by the external characteristics of his roadside surroundings. At least, they are independent of his own will.

At times the man on the road is tempted to think that they are really the very spirits of the road, the unseen influences that give to roads their character, and that lure men from comfortable houses and warm firesides out into the solitary stretches that link village to village and town to distant town, ever pulling at the man who has once come within the spell of their influence, and keeping him from settling into indifference to the wander lust.

To many men it is the sea that calls, to many more the hills; but whether hills or sea or the open road the result is the same; the man who hears the call must answer it, not in thought but in person.

To show contempt of the summons is to incur grave penalties. An incurable restlessness, an uneasy conscience, an unsatisfied craving to be up and away; all these are part of the penalty of neglect, and they persist and torment a man until he rises and is off upon the road—anywhere provided he is never long in the same stretch.

And when he has at last left the roof that shelters him, and has started for the unknown goal, the torment does not always cease.

The road can be friendly indeed, but it can be many other things besides.

Sometimes it opens out in gentle curves, inviting the wanderer to linger and enjoy its pleasing ease, its well-grown, sheltering hedges, its clover-spangled sideways of turf, where to lie and doze in the sunlight, one's back against the trunk of an over-shadowing elm, is the height of delicious idleness.

But every road-lover knows that this is not always the spirit of the road. There are times when the life of the road seems asleep. All that usually attracts and encourages and pleases and warms one's interest, seems to have retreated over the hedges into the dismal expanse of lonely fields, where to follow would be courting madness.

There are few scenes so desolate as the desert of fields lying under low rain clouds on either side of the road. In these wastes the spirits of the road hide themselves and leave the traveller lonely and cold and bewildered, having no thought or impression to communicate to him.

Now and again they mock at him, giving him hope of a change in the temper of the road, and then they retreat again, leaving him alone to brood and shudder and hasten on.

These are the extremes, between which there are many moods.

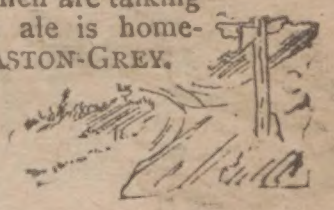
There is the call of the road that can be seen afar off, running through a green valley and mounting in a white ribbon of chalk up the steep side of the down.

There is a bluff welcome everywhere along such a road. It has nothing to conceal from a man; no surprises in its curves. It is gentle, inviting, and to be trusted not to give a man a rebuff.

I like well a road along which there runs the telegraph wires. The humming poles keep one in touch with distant cities where men are hard at it beating out a living, or gambling for the love of it, or indulging in sport—also for the love of it.

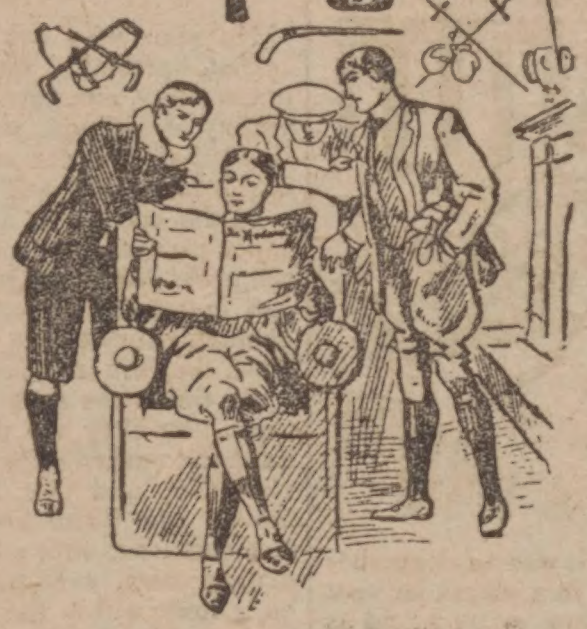
But the best road of all is one that has ups and downs at frequent intervals, and old picturesque bridges over little trout-streams, and cosy roadside taverns where rough-hewn countrymen are talking crops and cattle, and where the ale is home-brewed.

C. EASTON-GREY.



Our Readers' Page.

MY FIRST RIDE.



My first sensations on being placed on horse-back are a bit difficult to describe.

I was lost in wonderment — surprise at the easy movements of the beast beneath me, and wonderment at my power of controlling him by a touch of the reins and a kick of the heel.

Oh! it was a delightful sensation, that feeling of power.

I was so lost in contemplation that my horse came to a standstill at the elbow of my riding master, who was then busy in persuading a more unlucky rider to remount and forget his bruises. The master waxed sarcastic over my apparent inability to obey his order to ride on.

I turned my gee's head and again gravely wandered round the school. This time my steed chose to make for the entrance.

I was recalled by a pathetic request "not to go into the street."

I am afraid I was a bit of a trial at first—a little backward in "spelling the reins," a trifle deaf to the repeated commands to "wake him up."

But looking backwards, I think the most delightful experience of my life was when I took my first ride.

SOME FELLOWS' MASCOTS.

It is a funny thing, but nearly everyone has some cherished superstition, however modern he may be as regards his other ideas.

I know several fellows who have a sneaking fancy for little odd articles, and who would be in a fine state of funk if they happened to lose or mislay them.

One chap carries a bit of pink coral in his waistcoat pocket. I don't know what particular power he credits it with.

I have an idea that it is part of the "charm" not to speak about it, and as this fellow is an Irishman my fancy is not likely to be far out.

Possibly his bit of coral is equivalent to a four-leaf clover!

One of my friends is a Scot, and keeps a spray of white heather in his pocket-book, and it is as white and fresh as the day his sweetheart plucked it!

A certain horsey man of my acquaintance has a ring, made out of a horseshoe that was worn by a winner, hanging on his watch-chain.

Another fellow who came through the Boer War without a scratch treasures a flattened bullet that could not find a billet.

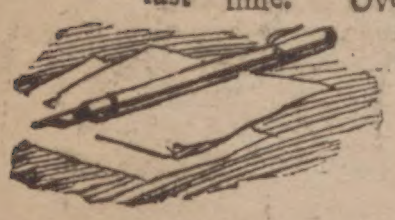
And yet another would not part with a lucky copper coin, which, he declares, was the foundation of his fortune, for its weight in gold.

THE EVE OF THE CRISIS.

It is bedtime. You've said good-night to your best pal, who is to be your best man to-morrow; you've given the precious ring into his care, and supplied him with the needful to cover fees for the clergyman, registrar, pew-opener, and coachmen.

Together you looked up the train which shall bear you and your bride on the honeymoon, decided how the time shall be occupied between the ceremony and your departure, and you are glad your pal has been so thorough in every detail. His assurance is a comfort indeed.

Now, you turn into your own room for the last time. Over the last cigarette what thoughts surge through your nervous mind!



...your savings of the past years, save for a small margin, are invested in that house you have furnished. Will your bride appreciate the grind of thrift and make it worth the while?

Next you wonder if those pessimistic utterances of Smith, Brown, Jones, and Co., with "actual experience" of married bliss, are meant to pull your leg, or whether they are awful truth.

You comfort yourself with the thought that a comparison of your temperaments suggests nothing that will clash beyond the power of adjustment.

Well, you're a modern man, and you'll take a sporting chance of future happiness. At the worst, it must be better than "diggings."

A final survey of your packed portmanteau, another "weigh-up" at your new frock-coat and silk hat—then out with the light and in between the sheets—to slumber if you can.

ANY BOOTS TO MEND?

It sometimes happens that one's boots or shoes are badly in need of a visit to the doctor, but fate forbids in the shape of low funds.

Now, nothing looks worse than to be seen wearing broken boots or down-at-heel shoes, even if you are a genius!

So a few hints on mending at home may come in handy.

The work is really not so hard as it appears, nor as unpleasant as might be imagined. A cobbler's needle and some waxed thread is needed for putting on patches, or stitching uppers and so on.

Of course, you can buy a shoemaker's apparatus for holding the boot firmly while you work on it, but I have used my own boot-tree for this purpose.

If you happen to have a vice or a carpenter's bench available, and a pair of boot-trees of which the centre-pieces are fitted with a handle, you will be as well fixed up as if you had a cobbler's last; for the boot can be fixed upside down in the vice.

A friendly cobbler will let you have some bits of leather, and pieces of advice, I dare say, as well. Then you want a shoemaker's hammer, some rivets, a pair of nippers, and a good sharp knife. Also a little cobbler's wax is excellent for dabbing on a crack, and you can black it well afterwards.

I put my bits of leather to soak in the wash-hand basin before using them. The easiest job is to do what is called half-heeling. This is accomplished by carefully measuring the heel, and then cutting enough leather to make the half needed. This can be fixed on with small tin tacks if no brads are at hand.

If you don't want to go to the expense of buying new leather, you can cut up a pair of old boots.

In putting on patches the needle and thread is quite easy to work with, and a really neat job can be made with care and patience.

PARAGRAPHS WANTED.

Send us a paragraph about something a man is interested in, something you are interested in yourself.

Each week we pay 10s. for the best and 2s. 6d. for every other used.

Don't worry about dates. If your paragraph is too late for one issue, we shall consider it for the next.

Under no circumstances can paragraphs be returned.

Don't exceed 300 words, and use a postcard if you like.

Address all paragraphs to the Paragraph Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

The first prize this week goes to Mr. G. E. Stothard, 1, Virgil Street, City Road, Manchester, for "The Eve of the Crisis."

A WET WEATHER OCCUPATION.

Another wet holiday, the roads unfit for cycling and the garden a regular swamp!

My pal and I had exhausted our good landlady's library—true, it only consisted of a picture Bible, Old Moore's Almanac, an odd volume of "Fraser's Magazine," and a torn copy of "Pamela."

My pal, almost hidden from sight in the clouds of smoke he was industriously puffing out of a clay churchwarden—a pipe he always affects in the country—suddenly had an idea.

I looked across at him. He does look rather comical on these occasions, for he's a smooth-faced, handsome fellow, and for all the world he reminds me of a copy of one of those wandering heads enveloped in clouds so dear to the fancy of the old painters.

"Well," I said, after my surprise had abated.

"Let's make something useful; there's the dog there wants a new collar badly."

Acting upon this suggestion, I rummaged about for a piece of leather, and my search was crowned with success.

We borrowed a shoemaker's knife and a needle and thread from the cobbler next door.

Then I invaded the kitchen, and begged a skewer from our landlady, with which to pierce the holes.

A small buckle which I purloined from my pal's gun-case came in very handy.

We spent the afternoon at our task, and a really creditable job we made of it—at the expense of rather sore fingers, for the needle is not a familiar weapon to either of us.

And it will serve the dog for common wear for a long time, thereby proving that, even in the hands of amateur workers, for wear there is nothing like leather.

SPORTSMEN OTHER THAN HUMAN.

Man has not a monopoly of sport, as I have lately discovered from personal observation.

A friend of mine owns a cat who is a systematic hunter—and I may add poacher—but simply from love of sport.

He is neither actuated by appetite nor desire of gain.

He is given to catching moles just for the fun of the thing, for in common with other cats he does not eat them, while he is most indefatigable in his chase of the shrews, which he kills with gusto, with all a sportsman's appreciation of the excitement.

The fox, too, will kill for the pure pleasure of killing, and so will that enemy of all feathered things, the rat.

GOING AFTER MUSHROOMS.

Did you ever go gathering mushrooms? It's not half bad fun.

I was staying a week or so back down in one of the prettiest shires, with a friend who is a bit of a crank, and he gave me my first experience of hunting for those edibles.

He insisted that part of the sport was to get up while the dew was on the grass and the sun only just up, and go out clad in pyjamas and with nothing on either head or feet.

At first I didn't relish this part of the programme, but gradually I got accustomed to the unfamiliar feeling, and truly the sweet, sharp morning air was delicious, and the freedom from the trammels of conventional clothing something to be experienced, not described.

There had been a dry spell and then a wet one—the ideal weather for mushrooms—and they had sprung up for all the world like Jonah's gourd. The evening before not one was to be seen, but this morning there they were all sizes and shapes, and of several varieties. Some were black and some salmon-pink underneath, and they ranged in size from little buttons to those as large as a dinner-plate.

We gathered as many as we could carry, and if my pal didn't enjoy his breakfast—well I did!

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

In His Own Juice

By B. T. MOORE.

Kenneth MacIver was a young Scot who had come to London with the usual belief that its streets were paved with gold instead of wood and asphalte.

He was green, and so, before he had been in London for a couple of months, he found himself poor also. Truth to tell, his funds were almost at an end, and there seemed to be small prospect of his obtaining employment.

One day MacIver read in a public library an advertisement offering very good posts to energetic, and, knowing himself to be thoroughly qualified, he replied without loss of time.

Some employers keep applicants waiting indefinitely, but this advertiser apparently was an exception, for next morning MacIver received a communication which sent his hopes bounding skywards.

It was a long letter for an employer to write, but that was a circumstance which did not arouse MacIver's suspicions. As we have said, he was at this time green.

The letter consisted chiefly of vague assertions that the employer felt that he had at last met exactly the man he required, that the applicant's qualifications seemed to be exactly those which were necessary, and that he liked the tone of his letter so much that he felt certain they would be able to come to terms.

Besides this, he made the gratifying statement that he considered the wages MacIver had asked absurdly low, and that he would double them right away if he found that the applicant possessed all the qualifications which he had asserted.

Then came the pill that had been so skilfully hidden beneath this thick coating of sugar.

"It is, however, necessary," wound up the employer, "that I should, in justice to myself as well as to you, ascertain full particulars from your previous employers in Glasgow. To cover the cost of this, and as evidence of your sincerity and good faith, I must ask you to deposit with me the sum of £1, which will, of course, be returned whether I finally engage you or not.

"James Brownlow."

Kenneth thought deeply over the letter. A sovereign was to him at that moment a matter of very grave importance, and yet if the depositing—and the employer had said it was but a deposit—of a paltry pound could secure him permanent and lucrative employment, why, he asked himself, should he hesitate? So within an hour of his receipt of the letter he had dispatched a grateful epistle of thanks and a postal order for twenty shillings to James Brownlow, Esq., 14, Reading Street, Camberwell.

The day following and the day after that passed without his receiving any acknowledgment of his letter and deposit, and MacIver began to feel uneasy. He waited patiently for another day, and then he wrote to Mr. James Brownlow, inquiring whether he had received his previous communication, but two days more passed and no reply came.

Then MacIver made a journey to Camberwell, walking from the other side of London because he could not afford 'bus fares.

He was surprised to find on his arrival at Reading Street that No. 14 was not the office of an engineering works but a small tobacconist's shop, and that the name above the door was Matthews. There appeared to be no dwelling house with the same number, so MacIver entered the shop where he was received by an elderly gentleman of obviously Hebrew parentage. Of him MacIver made inquiries as to whether he knew anything of Mr. Brownlow.

"Ah, my dear," said the old Jew, "you're the twentieth that's been here this morning and about the five hundredth this week. I suppose you replied to his advertisement?"

MacIver answered that he had, and moreover that he had entrusted to the keeping of the advertiser the sum of twenty shillings.

"Yes, yes," said the Jew, "I daresay you have, and the greater fool you for doing it. This gentleman simply had letters left here and paid a penny each when he took them away. He called one day and asked if I would take in his letters, and two days after he got a bunch. He collected some more a few days later, but he hasn't come back since then. That's all I know about him."

"What did he look like?" asked MacIver. "We must give his description to the police."

"Don't you do anything of the kind, my dear," replied the Jew. "He's too sharp for you, James Brownlow is, and anyhow I won't give you his description. You should not have been such a fool as to send the money."

MacIver bridled up at this. "I don't say you're to blame," he said, "but I do think you might help me to catch this swindling humbug. If it hadn't been that you allowed letters to be taken in here, he couldn't have worked his swindle on me and others."

"I've nothing to do with that," replied the Jew. "Business is business. If gentlemen want letters left here they can have them, and it's nothing to me why they want them left. Can I sell you anything? No? Well, good day."

It was a month later, and MacIver had now secured employment, not so profitable, perhaps, as that which Mr. James Brownlow had held out to him, but steady.

He had got settled down in his new post, and was feeling fairly comfortable. He had paid off the various debts which he had incurred during his period of unemployment, but there was one debt which he still felt he owed. That was a debt to the Jew tobacconist.

He was not revengeful, but he felt that the worthy Matthews had assisted in his being swindled out of the sovereign, and also at the undoing of many another hard-up applicant for work. He was the more convinced of this because the Jew had so strenuously refused to give him any information regarding Brownlow, and he determined to punish him in the only way he could feel—through his pocket.

The evening after he had come to this resolve MacIver crossed London—by 'bus this time—and called at the shop in Camberwell. The Jew remembered him, but treated him with more civility than on the former occasion, probably because he opened the interview by purchasing a packet of cigarettes.

While he lit one, MacIver asked whether he might have letters left there like other customers, and, the Jew having assented, he gave his name as Peter Ross.

At the end of that week MacIver called and received one letter addressed to Peter Ross and stamped with the Glasgow postmark. He bought some more cigarettes, and under the influence of his custom the Jew was becoming almost affable. MacIver tore the letter open, read it, muttered "Poor old girl!" shook his head sadly, and left.

A few days later MacIver again called. Once more there was a letter, and once more it appeared to contain bad news, for he shook his head dolefully as before, and remarked "I'm afraid she won't pull through."

A week after that he was back again, and this time there awaited him a black bordered envelope with the same postmark as previously. When he had finished reading the message, the Jew noticed that his face fell visibly.

"Well, well," he said, "she's gone, and I must say I'm sorry—though it will probably mean something good for me."

Something good for anybody interested the Jew, for there was always the off-chance that he might partake of it, and so he began to question MacIver, as to his deceased relative.

"It isn't the thing," said MacIver, "to speak unkindly about her now, but she was a sour old spinster with a grievance against everybody. She was mean and saving, and I believe she was worth a bit. Anyhow, I'm told her money will be divided amongst us, and I ought to have £50 or £100. If I get it I can tell you it will come in handy, for I haven't got any too much."

It was a week later when MacIver called at 11, Reading Street for the last time. On this occasion there awaited him a letter without a black border and stamped on the back with the impress of a Glasgow firm of solicitors.

Whether the Jew, stimulated by curiosity, had applied the steam of a kettle to the flap of the envelope, or whether he had merely divined its contents, he was certainly more than courteous.

As was his custom, MacIver opened this letter in the shop and read it.

"Well," he said, musingly, "that's all right. But why in the name of all that's reasonable couldn't they have sent a cheque to me direct, instead of asking me to go up to Glasgow to get the money. I couldn't afford to travel that far if they were going to make me a millionaire at the end of the journey."

The Jew asked to see the letter, and read: "Peter Ross, Esq., Dear Sir, In consequence of the death of your aunt, Miss Tabitha Ross, we have to inform you that under her will you are entitled to the payment of £200. If you will present yourself at our office at any time we shall be happy to make the payment to you, but it is necessary that we should see you in order that the formality of identification may be gone through.

"Faithfully yours, Quill and Potts, Solicitors."

Mr. Matthews could see daylight through this letter.

"How much do you reckon it would cost you to go to Glasgow?" he asked.

"I'd need about £5 altogether," replied MacIver, "because beside the fare I'd require a decent outfit if I'm to call on these lawyers."

"Well," replied the Jew, "here's the £5, provided you agree to go halves with me. You can't get the money if you can't raise the fare, and so I'm doing you a great service in advancing it so cheaply. In fact, I don't know anybody else I'd do it for. Sign this IOU for £100, and the fiver's yours."

MacIver signed it, took the note, and left.

Mr. Matthews did not expect to hear from Peter Ross for a week or so, for the journey to Glasgow and back and the transaction of the business must occupy some little time, so that his astonishment was the greater when on the following evening he received the only communication that was ever likely to pass between himself and his former customer. The letter was typewritten, postmarked from Charing Cross, and read:

"You may remember having assisted a swindler named James Brownlow to defraud myself and several others of money we could ill afford. Moreover, you refused to assist me in putting an end to his game, so that you practically acknowledged yourself to be a fellow conspirator.

"I have therefore swindled you out of five pounds, and I enclose herewith the receipt of the treasurer of the Charing Cross Hospital acknowledging this amount.

"You had better have it framed and stuck up underneath the left letter notice which you have pasted in your window. If you added a short and true account of how it came into your possession, it would doubtless interest your customers very much. I do not insist on this, however, resting satisfied with having punished you to the extent of this fiver.—Allow me to remain, your customer no more, Peter Ross."

HINTS ON BENT IRON WORK.

AN INEXPENSIVE AND PRACTICAL HOBBY.

For an inexpensive, artistic and out-of-the-way hobby, I can honestly recommend bent iron work.

The tools needed are but few, and none of them are costly. The number of useful and ornamental articles that can be made in bent iron are legion.

In any case the making of these will fill up many an hour which otherwise might hang heavily, and they are always appreciated as gifts, being so artistic and out of the common.

A pair of shears is necessary, cutting nippers or pincers, two sizes of pliers—long nosed and round nosed, I believe they are called—bradawls, a good heavy hammer, small tin rivets, and a small vice with anvil. All these can be purchased for a very small outlay.

Strips of iron can be bought ready cut, and the novice will find that old tin cans are very useful, for when cut up into strips they do as well, and, of course, are much cheaper for binding purposes.

Your grocer or stores will often supply you with cast-off boxes and odd lids, all of which can be turned to account.

When working, gloves can be worn if preferred. They certainly protect the hands, but to my thinking are a bit clumsy, and when one becomes expert with the tools they are really not wanted.

To hark back for a moment to the tools, an elementary outfit can be purchased to begin with, containing all it is supposed a novice will need.

A very handsome combination can be made of iron with copper and also with brass.

A photo frame, an inkstand, and a candlestick are three of the easiest articles to make, and they can be as simple or as ornate as the worker pleases, or has time to make them.

A vase-holder is also very easy to manipulate. The frame is best done by binding strips of iron to the shape of the vase, fastening them together with wire. A ring of iron is then put round the top, and let the novice be sure to make all secure by bending the strips well over and pressing them firmly together.

An inkstand is easier still—it only requires a coil of iron ribbon, a bottle, and a good design.

It is quite possible to copy antique designs for these and similar articles.

The candlestick can be made a more ambitious affair by combining the iron with either brass or copper.

A photo-frame is another pretty and useful article. The iron should be fairly thick and strong for this purpose.

It is advisable to put the strips into the fire or the flame of a lamp before bending, but not absolutely necessary. Bore eight holes also before you bend the strips—two at the top and bottom near each end, and two in each side.

These are to carry the clips of whatever metal you are using. Punch a hole in the middle and rivet all round.

Working in bent iron is for the most part working in curves, and as only practice makes perfect the novice should practise as much as possible simple curves—the letter S, for example, or the old-fashioned pothook—in cheaper materials. Here again the old tin lids will come in usefully.

Then, when the amateur becomes expert, there are many articles he can aspire to make, such as brackets for curtains and centres for cabinets.

There is no handsomer adjunct to a nicely-furnished room than a bent-iron fender and fire-irons, especially if copper or brass is judiciously used for the purpose of livening up the dead black of the iron.

And this brings us to the important fact that iron is liable to rust, and must be covered with a coating of black.

Some experts use a mixture of their own for this purpose, but the amateur is prone to fly to Brunswick black. That, however, quite spoils the character of the iron. It should be a *dead*, not a *glossy* black.

Ink and oil I have heard of, but what is known as "drop black" is the best.

F. B. HOLLAMBY.

A GLIMPSE AT THE FINANCIAL SIDE OF OUR WINTER PASTIME.

There is a great deal of ignorance in the football world, so far as the average person is concerned, as to the monetary question. Few things are more misunderstood than what I may term the finance of professional football.

For the sake of sport, the English Football Association refuses to allow its clubs to be run solely for profit. The dividends are limited to 5 per cent., and there are many clubs which do not make any return to their shareholders. Indeed, if we are to believe those who ought to know, only ten clubs out of sixty-two in the Leagues are in a solvent position.

The directors are not allowed to receive any remuneration for their services, and, consequently, those silly people who speak of the management making a lot out of the game are utterly and entirely wrong.

As a matter of fact, many of the clubs are only limited liability companies for the protection of their members.

Glossop is one of the exceptions, and is run by that great employer of labour Mr. S. H. Wood, formerly Captain of the Derby County Cricket Club. The two Nottingham clubs are also not limited companies.

A PRINCELY INCOME.

Newcastle United, the champions of the League, have an income of £20,000, and, as far as finance goes, they ought to be, as indeed they very largely are, the "team of all the talents."

They have, however, a very small capital of about £1,000. They made last year £1,258 profit, while they spent £7,190 in wages alone, and this will give some idea of where the money goes.

I used to wonder who were the wealthiest of these organisations, and I find that the honour must go to Everton, who last year made a profit of £5,000.

This is the club which has the honour of the possession of a double International in the person of J. Sharp, the hero of a brilliant century in one of the International cricket matches this year.

The "Toffees," as they are termed, have a great history, and have played a prominent part in the development of the game.

Of course, the most wealthy bodies are to be found in the First Division of the League, and Manchester United, Bristol City, Blackburn Rovers, Sunderland, Sheffield Wednesday, Notts Forest, and Bradford City are others which had a successful season.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SLATE.

As I have already said, the majority find that they have a hard task to get a balance on the right side. If the truth were known, we should probably find that several clubs have largely overdrawn at the bank, and in such cases the directors have to give personal security, while in a good many cases the management themselves have to find money to carry on the club.

But there is another side to the question, and that is that some of the clubs who made a profit on last season's working have swallowed it all up in wiping out the losses that have accumulated.

I have spoken of Everton. Twenty-five years ago they had a field at Anfield. The first gate was 14s., and this compares very oddly with the match ten years later, when £1,200 was taken.

Preston North End made a pretty rapid progress by the aid of Scotchmen, and Mr. W. Suddell trained his men with chess-men and also diagrams on a black-board.

SMALL BEGINNINGS.

West Bromwich Albion, who share with Aston Villa the distinction of being the most popular club in the Midlands, trace their rise from a very humble beginning, and it is not many years ago since a number of youths contributed 6d. each and walked away to Wednesbury to buy a real football. Members were required to pay a weekly sum of 2d. and an entrance fee of 6d.

They secured the use of a private plot of ground and invested in four goal posts, with tape nailed across the top as a cross-bar. The first gate amounted to 30s., and there were long and anxious deliberations as to how so much money could be best invested. Since that day they have become a force in the Association game, and few would like to see any obstacle in the way of their continuation.

HIRING A BALL.

This might almost be the story of similar clubs, and Aston Villa will never forget that the Wesleyan young men who attended the chapel in Birmingham subscribed together and hired a ball for 1s. 6d. First impressions were deepened by the experience, and fifteen players subscribed 1s. each.

This was the start of the "Villans."

And it is the same story everywhere; even 'Spurs remember a 2s. gate.

The increase has taken place chiefly during the last few years, and but for the round of Fortune's wheel there would not be much cash in football. Most struggle on in hopes, but I wonder if a single Southern League club has a balance on the right side. If receipts grow, so, too, does the expense, and, with the proposed unlimited wages, these might be much greater.

No. As an investment I don't recommend a football club.

WALTER BULL
(of Tottenham Hotspur).

PORTER SPORTSMEN.

If you want a peep at a little bit of genuine sporting atmosphere, just drop into the porters' room at a railway station, preferably a country station, where the staff are not too busy to gratify their own personal predilections.

On the wooden table there may be miniature piles of railway tickets that are being sorted out for return to the head office, and in a corner of the room there may be lamps and other things appertaining to the business of running a railway, but here and there are to be discovered various objects that have no connection whatsoever with the business of being a porter. They are simply evidences of the full-blooded love of sport that imbues these young men.

At most railways near London, there is one racecourse or another, and posters advertising the different meetings are sent to each station for exhibition. The porters generally manage to secure some of these and use them as decorations for the walls of their room.

This is not the only thing, however, that proves the railway porter to be a sportsman. Side by side with the racing posters may be a subscription list for the railway orphanage, with most of the names of the station staff upon it, for these young men, hale and hearty themselves, have kind hearts that think of those less fortunate.

And kindness is admittedly one of the marks of true sportsmanship.

MY OLD CLOTHES

A chest of drawers seems a prosaic thing, but it contains a heap of romance—for I suppose for anyone it would contain a few such things that would be better [illegible] the old [illegible] and forefront there is a [illegible] tobacco smoke, I [illegible] elbows and shiny [illegible] shoulders, for amongst [illegible] it has seen a good deal of the rifle [illegible] and many a thousand rounds have I fired [illegible] clothed rather than adorned me.

I was very proud of it once. It fitted me well, [illegible] and expensive—tailor, and [illegible] the latest style. But that was many [illegible], and I am no longer proud of it—only [illegible] it were an old friend.

[illegible] of the times we've had together, the [illegible] we've weathered, and the country we've [illegible] through.

[illegible]st as dear to my heart is an elderly pair of [illegible] flannel trousers, patched at the knees—and [illegible]where, and turned up at the ankles for the [illegible] reason that, were they turned down, the [illegible] ends would soon drop off.

[illegible] they once were worn with the Norfolk coat, [illegible] much hard wear and many vicissitudes [illegible] began to appear only for the muddiest of [illegible] tramps across country.

[illegible]t they were set aside for camp alone. For [illegible] other use they were too shabby.

[illegible] a camp have they been through with me. [illegible] is a certain blue fatigue jacket which [illegible] appear above them in the days when I was [illegible]er private.

[illegible] still among the rubbish in my bottom [illegible]. I could not find it in my heart to get rid [illegible] when I left my old corps for another that [illegible]. I live in hopes of one day seeing a [illegible]ng himself up in it, as I used to do in [illegible] tunic, which clothed me in those days [illegible] to heel—with a bit over.

[illegible] RUBBISH.

[illegible] a weird mixture of colours that that bottom [illegible] contains. There are a couple of footer [illegible] one of them—a Rugger one—with the [illegible] almost off and its broad red [illegible] faded and running into the white as a [illegible] much washing.

[illegible] a knowing zephyr with the faded ribbon [illegible] the neck just as it was when it was wrung [illegible] the swim that followed my last race. [illegible] I remember that race now. How [illegible] and how the brutes in the other boat [illegible]ily up to us and all our efforts seemed [illegible]ess. And stroke spurted, and we gave [illegible] we knew and drew away steadily, slowly [illegible] much until we saw they were spent, and [illegible] nothing more to fear.

[illegible] front of that zephyr is a hole that has [illegible]ained edges, and I would as soon have it [illegible]ed as a self-respecting soldier would pawn [illegible]edal. It may not be a sign of good oars- [illegible] but it meant that I was rowing the stroke [illegible] finish and I was dropping my hands as a [illegible]d do, though I may have taken the skin [illegible] thumb and worn a hole in my vest in [illegible].

Then there are the two blazers. It meant a lot [illegible] at the time to raise the money to pay for them, for blazers are costly things. But who would grudge the expense when the coveted distinction one has toiled for in the realm of sport — and perhaps neglected more important things to win—is at last within one's grasp?

It is seldom that I get a chance of wearing either of them now, save sometimes in the summer, or when I spend an evening at home with a pipe and a fire.

I am almost ashamed now to wear in public those blazers which at one time I was so proud to wear. Their gaudy colours seem to me to savour of swank and to be unnecessarily conspicuous now that my lot is cast in a place where their meaning would not be understood.

One other garment that bottom drawer contains, and one that sentiment could hardly seem to attach to. It is my first pair of riding breeches—past praying for now, with the strappings worn through and the shape gone.

But I learnt to ride in those breeches and I have enjoyed many a hard gallop over the Downs with them between me and the saddle, and I shall keep them with my other old clothes till the end, in spite of the clamourings of women-folk for something to send to "rummage sales," and complaints that I hoard things up until there is no room to move in the house.

H. HALLETT.

POTTED PHILOSOPHY.

He lives longest who is awake the most hours; but he yawns a good deal.

* * *

Sarcasm has many admirers, but no friends.

* * *

The man who is his own best friend, has few others.

* * *

Genius consists of making the other fellow do the work.

* * *

A bad temper is awkward enough to have, but dangerous to lose.

* * *

You've been successful if you're happy, but it doesn't follow that you'll be happy if you're successful.

* * *

Life is like a railway train; we grumble at its slowness till we near the terminus.

* * *

It's a funny thing that people who always say what they think usually think such a lot of disagreeable things.

* * *

Some men won't work till they've given everything else a fair trial.

* * *

The worst feature about the wisdom that age brings is the short time we have left to use it.

* * *

We all know it's more blessed to give than to receive, but some of us know it only from hearsay.

* * *

One of the real troubles of life is that a man has to go to bed when he is not sleepy and get up when he is sleepy.

* * *

It doesn't need much push to go downhill.

* * *

People who insist on giving advice must expect to get a lot of blame.

* * *

Many a man takes more pride in his ancestors than in making a name for himself.

ON THE RINK.

SOME TIPS FOR ROLLER SKATERS.

Though, in my opinion, there is nothing to beat ice-skating, roller-skating has many advantages over it. It is easier, it is within the reach of everyone, it is independent of weather changes, and is equally profitable and pleasurable.

It exercises all the muscles, and causes no undue development of one part at the expense of others.

Roller-skating gives one a graceful carriage of body, and teaches both balance and speed.

Above all, there is no more delightful sensation than that of being (when expert) a bird on wheels.

Capable instructors are to be found at any rinking centre, and are usually both civil and painstaking, while the charges are moderate. Skates can be hired also cheaply.

The number of lessons required depends, of course, on the aptitude of the learner. Some get the hang of it very quickly, especially those who have already gained experience of ice-skating, although roller-skating differs in several points.

Tumbles, bruises, and knocks must be looked for at first. Roller-skating looks delightfully easy to watch, but the first attempt usually lands a fellow on his back, and the getting up again is no joke.

It's wonderfully easy to fall down and woefully difficult to "arise and upbuild it again"—that is on rollers. But practice makes perfect, even in the art of falling.

Most novices make the mistake of trying to push themselves along, and promptly come to grief.

Their feet carry them whither they would not, and it's by no means a pleasant sensation, let me assure you, that wobbly feeling and sudden slithering glide, and then bump! "Down again, sir?" says the civil instructor. "Never mind, you will soon pick it up."

"It's just like learning to walk again," said one young fellow who was carefully hanging on to the rails and making his way slowly round the rink—and that's just about true.

As soon as you have found your balance, which you will do after many attempts, start off slowly, the body slightly inclined forward, the legs separated. Press slightly down with your toes as you raise each foot in turn, and then you are fairly set going.

Increased speed comes with practice.

Don't overdo it, for your legs, especially the ankles, will ache more than a little after an hour or so's exercise.

And until you are pretty well seasoned and the muscles accustomed to the unusual strain, it is wiser to limit your daily practice.

In negotiating corners, turn slowly and carefully at first, or you may come to grief.

It is as well to remember that in roller skating, as in every other exercise or pastime, the novice can learn much by studying experts.

Every rink reveals a more or less large number of really clever and adroit skaters, and it is certainly marvellous how wonderfully adept quite young children become at roller-skating.

The great ambition of the novice seems to be to learn to scull, judging from the many envious glances he casts at those who have reached this, to him, advanced stage.

Yet it is very simple and very pleasant, and always and ever popular.

Start off as usual; then, as you gather momentum and speed, draw your feet together in a line and let yourself go.

All the figures practised by ice-skaters can be followed on rollers.

Dancing is remarkably effective, and, though not too easy at first to the novice, becomes most fascinating.

"The Merry Widow Waltz," lately so popular, showed the proficiency to which roller-skating can attain. In conclusion, as regards the skates, until the novice becomes expert it is quite unnecessary to purchase rollers; hired ones answer all purposes.

But when it becomes needful to buy, go to a good shop and give a fair price.

E. J. WANKLIN.

WHERE MEN FOREGATHER

XXXVI. THE DOG SHOW.

Dear to the heart of the truly sporting owner of racehorses is the day that sees his horse at the post waiting to strive for victory (and incidentally the not inconsiderable stakes) with others of its kind.

The show day has upon the dog fancier a similar bearing, for if he is of the true stamp nothing suits that good man so much as the zest of competition. This day yields the fruits of weeks of anxious care of the potential winner of the coveted "first and specials," and well does the "doggy" man know that the aforesaid potential champion has a penchant for getting into mischief exceeded by nothing that walks on four legs.

Now the dog show is essentially a place where cliques gather together—men who are bound not by ties of blood, but by the "strains" of their particular "fancy." And, to the layman, these men are a strange race, perpetually excited over what is, apparently, nothing.

The racing man can smile when the horse he has backed finishes among the inglorious "also ran." The owner of greyhounds can see an odds-on favourite beaten pointless, but the average dog fancier who finds his dog ticketed with a "Reserve" or a "V.H.C." when he was *certain* it ought to have been in the money prizes, wants to know the reason why.

"JUDGE NOT, THAT YE BE NOT JUDGED."

And he says so "very loud and clear," being with difficulty restrained from shouting it in the judge's ear. It is not that he is a bad sportsman. He is merely a very keen enthusiast, and, perhaps, his pique is pardonable, when it happens, as it frequently does, that the dog that beats another at one dog show is placed below it at another. When making out the entry form it is advantageous to know the whims of the judge of that particular class and place one's entries accordingly.

Truly they are a diverse race—yet perhaps the very life of the fancy lies in the fanciers' conflicting opinions. Always remembering that they are at heart "the best of friends all the same," they will find something almost to quarrel over in the length of a fox terrier's head, the nose of a bull-dog, the coat of a Pekinese puppy.

If you are a mere outsider at the game, do not be dragged by some dog-fancier friend up to the benches—where the exhibits are regarding the curious, catalogue-carrying crowd with disfavour—and be led into deciding or attempting to settle any dispute.

THE FANCIER'S OPINION.

The only safe thing is to mumble something uncomplimentary about the judge, for if a man does not find fault with his judging of one class, he will with his awards in another. In the fancier's eye a judge is usually good or bad according to how he places the aforesaid fancier's exhibits.

Again, enthusiasm for their own particular possessions provides the excuse, but nevertheless the foregoing is undoubtedly true of all dog shows, from the Kennel Club's to a purely local affair in a small North Country town.

Most wonderful of all men at a dog show is the gentleman who wears in his buttonhole the circular piece of coloured pasteboard on which is printed the magic legend "Honorary Secretary" in gold-lettered splendour.

You see him pushing through the ranks of an untutored public that does not know a Borzoi from a Great Dane; you note that his pockets are stuffed with papers, and that his hands are feverishly clutching the cards for which the exhibitors are clamouring.

You observe that beads of sweat are on his brow; yet his face ever wears a beneficent smile, and his tongue returns gentle answers to many totally needless and pointless questions. If you want to know the whereabouts of Her Majesty's exhibits—ask the secretary! He has been worried with the question a hundred and fifty times, but he will direct you minutely—probably conduct you thither.

If you wonder why the judge put Bill Smith's very ordinary terrier above yours, mention it to the secretary. He will salve the wound. If you feel that the judge should be slain, ask the secretary to place his death-warrant before the Committee. He will return a far wittier reply. You may corner him behind the wooden partition which he terms his "Office," or drag him (metaphorically) from the judging ring. Yet—good man!—he is still yours to command!

TWO IMPORTANT PEOPLE.

Next to the secretary, the man for whom one feels the most sorry is the judge. He is usually a quiet, well-mannered man, who does not look his part. He stands in the metaphorical limelight in the centre of the judging-ring, and innocently chews a pencil which he uses to make odd notes.

Around him dogs on leads yelp or growl according to their disposition. The playful terrier is not above tasting the material of his trousers, or, perhaps, a young bull-pup sniffs suspiciously round his calves.

Of all this he is apparently uncaring. He is also proof to the unkind looks of the exhibitor, whose entry he passes by. He is deaf to many things, and blind to others when he is judging a ladies' "toy" class.

In this class *only* the fair owner of the first prize winner considers he has given the right decision. The trouble lies in the fact that the public does not realise that it is more than probable that the smartest lady exhibiting really *does* possess the best dog in the class—just as she possesses the smartest hat and the most *chic* clothes.

THE PREJUDICED PUBLIC.

Yet the public—bless its prejudiced heart—is bound to say, when the obvious belle of the show carries off the honours:

"Ah! you could bet your life the judge would give the first prize to *her!*"

The dog show, of course, is not without its professional element—men who do not show dogs entirely for the sport and the love of the thing. For some reason the dealer in canine champions has ever borne a reputation which, like the famed clergyman's egg, is only good in parts.

Everyone admits he has an expert eye for a pup that will one day be taking all the cups and specials at the Palace. But if he recommends a pup he wants to sell you in these eulogistic terms, you are certain to disbelieve him.

Pushing one of his cards into his hand, he is prone to link a moneyed man's arm and conduct him around the show, saying as he comes to a bench bespattered with enough "special" cards to hide the small animal that has won them: "Yes. That's one of *my* strain, sir. The right stuff, sir! *The* right stuff." Beware of this man—he will make a dog fancier of a bishop ere eight o' the clock!

G. S. PARDY.

DEATH.

A SPORTSMAN'S IDEAL.

"For heaven's sake, Doctor, don't treat me like a child. Am I dying? I ask you the plain question, I want the straight answer."

The man half raised himself on his elbow, and then fell back weakly.

The doctor was about to tell one of the usual professional lies when he checked himself and said bluntly: "Yes, you are."

The man nodded.

The doctor rose and left the room, giving orders to the nurse that he was to be sent for when required.

"So this is death," murmured the man to himself. "Well, it had to come, but God knows I would rather it had met me while I was in health. It is hard lines to flicker out at the end of a long sickness when all one's strength is gone. It breaks up one's nerve to be pinned down on a miserable bed and wait—wait—wait for the end, and be

A look almost of fear came into his eyes, and he put his hand to his throat.

"I can hardly breathe," he gasped. "This room is blankets are pressing like iron—this room is out the air. Oh, if I could only get up and go out!"

The man's eyes glanced feverishly from the window on which the rain was pattering, to the half-open door of the wardrobe, where an old suit was hanging.

"Just one more whiff of a good stiff breeze," he muttered, his face lighting suddenly with a fierce joy of anticipation. "Just to feel for the last time the soothing, cooling rain-drops trickling down my face!"

With that return of strength which often comes just before death, he threw back the bedclothes and leaped out of bed. In two minutes he was dressed and creeping silently down the stairs. Very cautiously he opened the front door and closed it behind him. No one had observed him, and he paused for a moment to draw in a deep breath of the cool, fresh air.

How good it was! How full of health and life!

Still walking cautiously, he made his way down the garden and into the road. Suddenly there was a noise of scampering feet, and round the corner came a little fox-terrier. As the man turned, he was met by a volley of joyful barks. The animal was wild with delight at the return of his master. The man was just as pleased.

He bent down, his eyes glistening, while the dog licked his face in delighted kisses.

"Good old Jup!" he cried. "Good old Jup-and-Thin'! To think I should forget you!"

He picked him up and put him against his breast.

"Perhaps it would be kinder to send you back again," he added, softly, looking down into the dog's big bright eyes. The little terrier gave a sorrowful whine as if in dissent. The man smiled, patted him, and put him down.

"All right," he said. "We'll have one more race—the last, Jup."

Gathering all his energies, he tore down the road with the dog at his side. The wind blew strong in his face—it seemed to bear him up. The rain beat down on him and drenched him to the skin, but he did not feel it, save that his wet clothes cooled his feverish skin.

From the road they turned on to the moor, rolling, trackless, and heather-grown—on they came to the crag, and could go no farther. He stopped on the edge, where a solitary tree was perched, and there the man fell exhausted. He crawled to the tree and propped himself up against it. The rain had stopped, and the sun was breaking through the clouds.

"This is a *man's* death," he whispered. "As glorious as a *man's* life. I think——I was not a coward——back in that awful bed——Jup——this——is grand——Good-bye——Jup——"

* * * * *

When they found him he was still sitting with his back to the tree, his face lit with a glad smile. And by his side was a forlorn dog, which refused to be separated from him.

ARTHUR G. INGLEBY.

THE PRIDE O'JAN

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By HARRY WELLS.

His name was John Shannock, but they had called him Jan ever since that day of his extreme youth when he had first carried a hod of bricks up the ladder to the scaffolding, where the men lie proudly exposed as his inexperience made much unnecessary commotion, chipping pieces off the red bricks, and, incidentally, gradually raising against the sky the outer walls of a great house.

There had been many houses and much building in Jan's world since that time, and the contractor's foreman on the job had marked him down as a man to be trusted where skill, besides brute strength, was required.

Men were taken on or paid off on the job, but Jan still remained.

His work had become part of him. He preferred building houses to wasting his wages in taverns, so he was, of course, most unpopular with his fellows.

Not that Jan cared. He was big and rough and rawboned, and, somehow, neither asked nor obtained personal regard from anyone.

His father, a venerable toper, was a pensioner, resting on the bosom and exertions of his family. His eldest sister worked at a factory. A younger sister, who was really rather comely when she had her spotted and stained indoor skirt for her best, kept house.

Neither of these paid any particular attention to him. The eldest sister was oblivious, apparently, of Jan's existence. The sister who kept house rarely spoke to him except to inquire pointedly whether he considered that marl and cement off the soles of his boots improved the linoleum.

But Jan had one wonderful possession which was dear to his great heart. This was Albert Shannock, the youngest of the house of Shannock, and its pride and joy. Jan felt honoured that this strange boy from his earliest youth, Albert, it was whispered by all the neighbours, friends, and relations of the Shannocks, had the brains of the family.

He used them to such advantage that he gained a scholarship at a small grammar school. From that his transition to the great works office of the contractors who employed Jan was easy.

Now Albert wore a white collar, and numbered among his accomplishments the art of tying a tie correctly. In time he added to this a taste for gold sleeve links, peculiar smelling pomade for the hair, and patent boots worn on Sundays.

Seeing all these things, was not Jan—who usually wore a patched, if reasonably clean, shirt—honoured because he ate his meals at the same table and slept under the same roof as the excellent Albert?

But, even if Jan was truly conscious of this honour, he did not deserve the sneering jibes thrown at him by certain of the men on the job, who could not interest him in the working-man's affairs, and therefore flung at him the reproach that the fact his brother was in the office made him unduly proud.

"You're stuck up, Jan. That's wot *you* are!" they would say. "Stuck up because your brother's in the office and pays us our brass, all wrapped up in the little envelopes. And 'e wears a blooming diamond in 'is tie-pin, too. Ho, yes—and oils 'is 'air!"

One had ventured to question whether Albert Shannock had come by the tie-pin honestly. . . . Jan allowed him sufficient grace to take off his coat. Two smashing blows from Jan's great red fists effectually disposed of the detractor of his brother's name.

After that his mates became sullen, but they let the clumsy giant with the big fists severely alone.

So Jan's life went on in its humdrum way, and there were nights when Albert took him to the pit of the theatre, and offered him a good cigar to smoke afterwards. Jan would watch the play—usually an impossible, blood-curdling drama—and come out impressed.

"What did you think of it, Jan?" his brother would ask.

"Ah, grand!" Jan would say. "Didn't you?"

"Oh, utter piffle—impossible rot!" Albert would reply.

Jan had a hazy idea that this criticism was due to Albert's "taste." People like Albert, who had learnt Latin, and wore high collars, seemed to have a lot of this "taste," and apparently it had nothing to do with the food one ate.

As time went on, Albert's "taste" ran to Saturday afternoons at race meetings . . . and nights when he did not come home.

After one such night the family noticed that there was a scent of patchouli hanging about him, and a touch of violet under his glazed eyes.

Shannock, senior, father of Jan and Albert, sat smoking his eternal clay in the corner, and observed complacently that "boys would be boys." In proof of this he proceeded to indulge in reminiscences that somehow made Jan feel sick, and deeply thankful that his mother was dead.

Jan, in the early grey of the next morning, went to work with a hazy impression that something was wrong somewhere, and that uncomfortable things were going to happen.

It was an uncanny presentiment, banished later by the sight of Albert entering the office of works, as brisk and smart as usual, with a cheery "Good morning, boy," for Jan, in addition.

It was not until eleven o'clock that the chief clerk, a kindly, grey-headed man, came for Jan.

It was some distance to the works office.

The chief clerk broke it to Jan as gently as possible on the way thither. Yes, there was something wrong with his brother. No, nothing had happened to him exactly, but—well, they were at the office now.

An office boy opened a door. Jan stood on the threshold, his great form silhouetted against the light. The chief clerk half pushed him in.

Jan had a hazy impression that he was standing on velvet. It was merely the carpet in the senior partner's sanctum.

Then—somehow he could not collect his thoughts—he noticed that the walls were painted blue and hung with sketch-plans.

Also, there was a dark form literally huddled in the fat arm-chair in the corner, and the senior partner was regarding that form half in pity, half in anger.

The form moved and turned its face for a moment.

"Oh, God!" said an agonised voice. "You've told Jan—you've told Jan!"

Jan took a step forward towards the senior partner, and then hesitated.

It was all too hideously plain. What need was there for him to ask questions? There were books open on the roll-top desk, and pay-sheets with red-ink corrections.

As in a haze Jan, his idol smashed, crossed over to his flesh-and-blood brother.

"Good God, boy!" he said—and the words seemed to be torn from his deep breast—"what *have* you done?"

His brother buried his head deeper in his arms, and his shoulders heaved. He was sobbing bitterly, and it is not good to hear a man weep.

Jan felt he ought to say something.

"It's no use takin' on like that," was all he could find to observe.

Then he looked at the grave senior partner.

"How much, sir?" he asked, slowly.

"Nearly a hundred pounds," said the man, thrusting his hands in his pockets and staring at the pattern on the hearth-rug.

It was some seconds before Jan spoke again.

"You—you won't send him to prison, sir?" he pleaded, piteously. "He's my brother, sir—my brother."

Somehow that seemed a sufficient reason to the dazed Jan—his *brother!* How proud he had once been to call him by that name!

The senior partner tightened his lips.

"This sort of thing has happened too frequently," he said. "We must make an example."

"Oh, God, no—of my brother? My brother Albert. . . . God, you can't!"

"We can, and, I fear, *must*, Shannock! This is the third time we've been robbed in three years. I should have thought that the last case would have been an example to—er—Albert Shannock, but ——"

The senior partner shrugged his shoulders and motioned towards the degraded man in the chair, who dared not show his face.

"In fact," he added, "I was about to ring up the police station, only—you've been a good workman, Jan—I thought I ought to tell you first. Ah—felt it my duty and ——"

But he got no further.

As though his brother were a babe, Jan twined one long arm round him and lifted him bodily out of the chair.

"Pull y'self together, lad," he said, fiercely. "Stand up an' be a man. That's right, and it's no use hangin' yer head."

Jan turned to the chief clerk and the senior partner.

"The man that wants to use his telephone or get to the door yonder, has got to pass me!" he cried.

His face, unlovely at the happiest of times, now showed the passion of a wounded animal. There was a gleam of defiance in his usually quiet eyes.

He stood, his shoulders squared, his thick lips trembling, and his great fists clenched.

"Jan, Jan!" said the chief clerk softly and reproachfully.

Somehow the words seemed to bring the man to his senses.

A tremor shook his frame. Slowly the glint died from his eyes, his shoulders drooped, his fists opened, and the great rough hands fell almost limply to his side.

Now he pleaded with them.

"Oh! give the lad a chance," he said. "Just a chance to—to get out o' the country. I ha' got a pound or two by me. He can have 'ut—and it'll get him to Canada."

The senior partner was looking at Albert Shannock.

"Canada," Jan repeated, "and a fresh start, sir!"

He darted an appealing glance at the senior partner, who was again looking at the pattern of the carpet, and seemed oblivious of all things. After a moment he spoke.

"Albert Shannock," he said, "you have heard. It's prison or Canada. Choose!"

"Oh, thank ye, sir—thank ye, sir!" said Jan.

Three days later an outward-bound liner bore Albert Shannock out of the River Mersey.

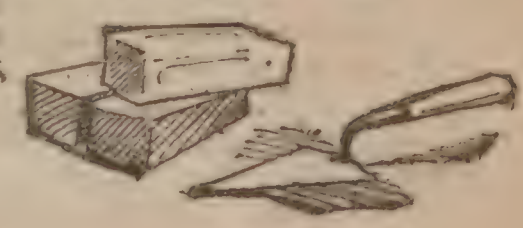
A big, haggard man watched the liner as it majestically steamed away clear of the landing stage.

So many were bidding a long farewell to friends and relations that no one noticed the tears that rolled down the rugged cheek of Jan.

* * * * * * *

"Albert? I tell ye, he found a job to better himself an' took it—in Canada. And damn ye all for a set o' Paul Prys."

Jan had become rather wearied of answering the pointed inquiries of the men on the job. Yet, when he received a letter from Albert, painting all his prospects rosily, he was glad to read them, haltingly, certain extracts. The boy was doing well, it appeared. Jan took care to let his mates know, that, at



least. The matter of the hundred pounds had been kept secret.

A month passed, and yet another letter came for Jan, addressed in a strange hand, care of the contractors. A diminutive office boy brought it to Jan during the dinner hour, as he was consuming an ample meal, sent up steaming hot by the sister who kept house.

Jan opened it. The men sitting round watched.

In a few lines, in official type and terms, Jan read the brief story of a man who, travelling to the West, and finding no one to employ him, had at last resorted to robbery that he might not starve.

In the West, it also appeared, revolvers when drawn against robbers, are used with effect. The effect on Albert Shannock, the letter clearly pointed out, had been a quickly-dug grave beneath the shadow of the pine-clad hills. Justice is swift in the wilds.

Jan let the letter drop from his hands.

"What's the matter, Jan!" asked one.

"Oh, God, can't you leave me and my sorrow alone?" he groaned.

"It's Albert?" asked another.

"Yes—he died—of a fever," said Jan.

Caught by the breeze the letter flitted across the yard.

Late in the afternoon three men on the job came across it and read what was written in clear type.

And they tore it into many small pieces.

"Let the lie bide," said one. "He was the pride o' Jan."

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

The advantages of joining the MODERN MAN LEAGUE must be obvious to most of our readers.

There is no entrance fee or subscription of any kind, for the League is simply an organisation of friendship and sportsmanship.

Our object is to enable readers to recognise one another, and this end can best be attained by members wearing the special badge which we have had designed.

The League Badge. (Actual size)

It is to be an understood thing that any man wearing this badge may speak to any other who is also wearing one without the formality of an introduction, for both are members of the same great club.

The badge is a very gentlemanly one, simple, neat, and not disfigured with any sort of advertisement or inscription. The rough sketch given herewith will enable you to form some idea of its appearance.

The bulk of the badges that we have had made are of the finest gilt metal, and we can supply you with one post free for sixpence. They are finished with a ring to hang on a watch chain, or with a stud to fix in the cap or on the lapel, or with a pin to fix in the tie. We strongly recommend the last-mentioned method of wearing the badge, but you can have your choice.

We can supply the same badge made in solid, hall-marked silver at a shilling a time, but this badge does not have a stud fixing, but only a pin or a ring. Gold badges will be specially quoted for on application.

Fill up the form printed below, enclose with it a Postal Order for 6d. or for 1s., according to whether you desire your badge to be of gilt or of silver, and post it to the Editor of THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London. Write the word "LEAGUE" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

To avoid mutilating your copy by cutting out this form, you may write it out on ordinary notepaper.

APPLICATION FORM.

Please enrol me a member of THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE, *and forward me a badge of membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....*

I desire the badge to be fitted as a tie pin, a pendant, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

The Interview

AND ITS EFFECT ON LIFE.

A recent article in THE MODERN MAN describing how an enterprising journalist may succeed in surmounting the barriers raised round a shy celebrity, has suggested to me that the interview plays a most important part in every individual life.

I cannot help thinking of the tremendous possibilities that centre round the interviews which an average man will take part in during the course of an average career.

It seems to me that more emotions are created by the interviews of a life than any other experience. Often they are charged with great import, so that the result of them has an incalculable effect on the future, either for good or bad; they are sometimes comic, sometimes tragic, sometimes—like life—a mixture of both; but nearly always they are full of drama.

Even a youngster will vaguely feel the dramatic nature of the interview, when he is brought face to face with the headmaster of his first school, and subjected to a few friendly questions, knowing that all the time he is being scrutinised and sized up. He will leave that august presence with a sense of relief, which will disappear when he has to run the gauntlet of being interviewed by his new school-fellows.

EARLY EXPERIENCES.

How grateful he is when it is all over and he is taken for granted! No doubt he will experience another and a more painful interview later on with a stern eye and a formidable cane.

Then the fellow who is after his first job possesses an unusual and a rather enviable temperament, if he does not go through all sorts of emotions prior to his interview with the man who may employ him.

He wonders what kind of impression he will give, whether he will be thought a promising chap or a jackass, whether he will be self-possessed or flounder about like an elephant in a morass.

Unless he is extraordinary, his heart will be thumping with troublesome speed while he waits for his name to be "taken in," and he will inhale one deep breath as he gets to his feet, and approaches the door of the room where the interview is to take place.

A CRISIS.

I can figure him, too, essaying an easy air, which is own cousin to nervousness, as he takes those few strides, and the sudden evaporation of all memory of what he had intended to say as soon as he gets inside.

Well, he comes out, elated or depressed, or glad only that it is over. At any rate, this interview has been a crucial event.

It does not eliminate the drama of the situation to glance at the emotions of the other side—the man who interviews the applicants for the berth.

He may be a busy individual who thinks the duty a beastly nuisance, or he may be really keen to select a good servant. Whatever his feelings beforehand, he at least knows no anticipatory terrors.

THE TRAGEDY OF IT.

He may interview a man who is in desperate need of work, who perhaps has been silently and intensely praying a minute ago (and pitiful those prayers would read if they were only written down), and the interviewer is cold and dispassionate; he is "afraid he is unsuitable for the post," or he "has other men to see, and will write."

The man goes out a little unsteadily and endeavours to keep a stiff upper lip until he is alone, while the one left behind takes up another letter, looks curiously at the new-comer, gets rid of him because he is palpably an inebriate, and so on with the uninteresting business.

The drama does not live in what he feels, but in the contrast of his emotions with those of the others.

Then, what about the interview between grieved father and a son who is ashamed?

The son may expostulate, excuse himself, may hang his head and say nothing. The father may storm, speak bitterly, or may bring his head up again by eschewing the preaching and giving him a firm grip of the hand, accompanied by a cheery remark that he knows the good is in him and he only looks to him to prove it.

Again, in such a situation there may be sensations seething beneath the surface. Instead of the father being judge, the son may be pointing the finger of scorn, and saying: "To you I have inherited this! What sort of a father have *you* been that you should pass condemnation on me?"

A lighter type of the interview is when a man goes to ask for the consent of the father to his girl. You know the consent I mean. This has been food for much banter, on the stage and off, but nevertheless it is something of an ordeal.

HOW IT IS DONE.

Nowadays such formality is almost entirely done away with. The difficulty is got over by standing the father a drink, and informing him casually that you have come of taking his daughter off his hands.

"My dear boy," he says, warmly, "it's a devilish long time it has taken you to make up your mind. Why, in my time ..."

But there are probably objections in the air. Be assured that when you have been accepted as the real thing, obstacles will spring up alarmingly, and you are tremulous that the office boy may make things worse.

Even the commonplace event of interviewing the landlady, when in search of digging, has feelings peculiarly its own.

You are critical of her and the surroundings. You metaphorically stagger and gasp at the rent she asks, and you make a hasty excuse, and go away a broken and disillusioned man.

IRRITATING INTERVIEWS.

It wasn't always like this, I know; but my experience is that interviewing a landlady is a trifle less irritating than interviewing a girl's father. I am profoundly uncomfortable with both.

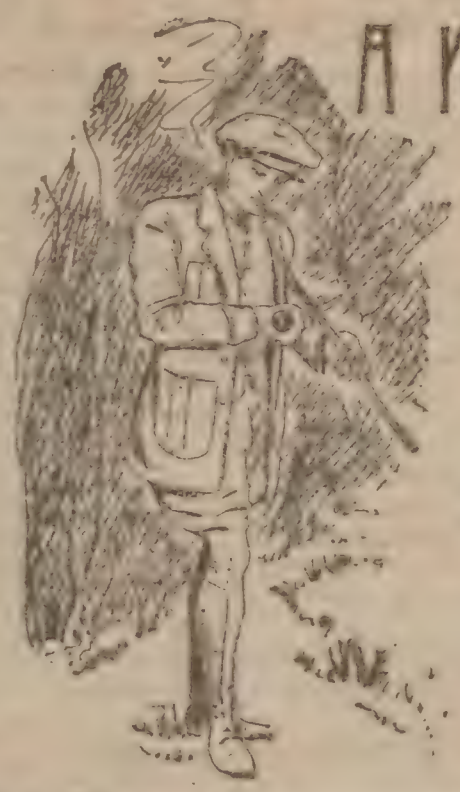
There are interviews in business when you are pitting your wits against a man as shrewd as yourself. (You never, of course, really meet a shrewder.) These are fraught with dramatic potentialities oftentimes. You may stand to gain or lose a lot as the result of the interview. You have, perhaps, cut and dried your plan, rehearsed and rehearsed your words, and what he will probably do or say, only to find that you are altogether wrong, and that you have to change your course of action even while you are talking.

And then there are interviews when a man may be in danger of exposure, detection in a crime, and perhaps, expect he will not get out of the situation without drawing upon every ounce of nerve and intrepidity that he owns.

The drama of The Interview! Yes; I think I am right to say that interviews play a leading part in every life.

A. G. S.

HOW TO MAKE A WALKING STICK



A USEFUL MEMENTO OF A COUNTRY HOLIDAY.

There is a certain pleasurable gratification in possessing a walking stick which represents your own work and has associations surrounding it of a happy holiday in country-lanes. Many a chap goes to the trouble of cutting a sapling and fashioning it, and then throws it away because he does not know how to make it presentable and cannot go back to town with so rustic an article.

Such a stick may do very well for a carter or hobbledehoy, but not for a fellow who aspires to be a man about town, don't you know.

But it is quite possible for an amateur to make a really handsome walking-stick out of that branch which he has pulled from the hedgerow, if he only goes about the work properly and takes pains.

Now for the choice of sticks. There are plenty of trees to choose from, even in the course of a moderately long country walk—and that without trespassing—the wood of which is suitable for walking-sticks.

The ash, the hazel, and the oak are amongst the most suitable. Perhaps of these the hazel copse is the easiest place to get a sapling, and the hazel makes a capital stick, though it is not so strong as the oak, nor so pliable as the ash.

THE BEST MATERIAL.

For a good, stout walking-stick the crab-tree makes an excellent material, and so does the spiny blackthorn, beloved of an Irishman.

In cutting your stick thick or thin according to your taste, you may proceed to peel it if it is ash or hazel, but if oak or thorn has been your choice it is far and away better to leave the bark on it and to select a stick with plenty of knobs or excrescences on it. These latter can be easily polished by rubbing with a little oil, and make really handsome sticks, especially if you go to the expense of mounting them with silver or gold.

In the case of the other peeled sticks you can stain or paint them any colour you desire, and varnish them, but be sure that the sticks are thoroughly dry before the operation.

As regards the handle, that is a matter of taste. It is possible to fit an ivory handle on the stick, and if you are an adept with the carver's tools you can make quite an artistic finish to your souvenir of the country.

It is also possible to carve the wood itself, and a very effective handle is some animal's head, as your fancy or skill dictates.

THING TO REMEMBER.

One word may be in season regarding fixed-on handles. They are apt to become loose, and if you ever contemplate using your stick as a weapon of defence, it is an even chance that your stick proves false.

However, you may be satisfied with the extent of your labours after cutting the stick and peeling it. In that case, take it to a good shop, where they make a specialty of walking-sticks, and they will clean and polish it for you as well as mount it.

Here you get a good strong ferrule. If you have any knack for such work, you can put a handle on yourself, and the gold or silver mount is quite within the power of an amateur. But be advised if you have any misgivings on this point leave it alone and take your stick to the shop.

A badly-fitted ferrule and a clumsy mount are disfigurements—almost as bad as down-at-heel boots and a tie that has seen its best days.

Which reminds me that the other day I saw an otherwise well-dressed man carrying a silk umbrella, the handle of which had evidently been seriously damaged.

Whether he had tinkered it at home, or whether it was the work of a British workman, I cannot say; but a common tin-tack had been hammered into the centre of the silver top, spoiling not only the umbrella, but the fellow's gloves, and, in fact, his whole appearance.

In conclusion, it is very easy to over-elaborate, and a plain oak or thorn stick highly polished, with a simple gold or silver mount and your initials, is better than all the ivory carvings that chip and break. It is good, serviceable, and handsome, a walking-stick worth having.

Or by way of a variant from the common silver band or tip to a walking stick, a number of small silver-headed nails hammered into the handle, look very well.

But on the whole the home-made stick is best left unmounted, and used for hard work and not for show, since the amateur cannot make much of a job of the mounting, and to have it done at a shop is almost as expensive as buying the stick ready-made.

S. D. WORLOCK.

SELECTING FRIENDS.

SOME USEFUL TIPS.

Goody-good papers, and the similar kind of parsons, tell you to select friends that are very good chaps, or, as such advisers would describe them, "very nice young men."

Don't.

A friend of that type will probably fill you with such disgust for all things good that you yourself will become very bad.

The goody-good man is a farce and a humbug. A man's merits should be latent, quiet, something that you have to penetrate beneath the surface to find and to appreciate. When they are flaunted in your face you may be pretty certain that they are not the genuine article.

A friend who is fast—in the sense of being reckless and a trifle immoral—is often very entertaining for a time, but he is not the type of man that you are going to stick to or that is going to stick to you. In his way he soon becomes every bit as unendurable as the goody-good.

The man whose friendship will do most for you, is the man who possesses your own best characteristics, but in a more marked degree.

Supposing, for example, that you are fond of athletics and physical culture, the friend who is going to help you to attain your object in this direction is the man who has similar tastes, but who has bigger muscles than you have. Apart from the hints that he may be able to give you, your very association with him will stimulate you in your endeavour to improve your muscular development.

It is not, of course, to be supposed that the aim and object of every man is to secure big muscles, but this is merely an illustration.

If it is pluck you are after, get a friend who is not only plucky himself, but who believes in your pluck also.

A friend must never be a critic. If he disapproves of something you do, you will gather it from his manner, but if he expresses his disapproval, there will be a severance of your good feeling.

In the matter of friendship, it is unwise to aim too high. The ideal man is scarcely a suitable friend for anyone. Choose rather someone possessed of all your own best qualities, but, as I have said, possessed of them in a higher degree. This type of man will make you not only better pleased with yourself, but will also bring you nearer to your own ideal of what a man should be.

R. KYLE.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS IN SPORT.

WHY THE BRITON EXCELS.

There are few things beyond reach of the average man—and we are all average men—if he sets about their attainment in the right way.

Sport and sporting success are not by any means beyond a man's reach, provided he does not depend only on his untrained virility and activity. He needs to set about them with some sort of comprehensive plan, which will keep him from mere violent activity, and lead him to a definite sporting ambition.

To achieve any end, whether in sport or work, it is necessary for a man to take things seriously. Indeed, this faculty, so often made fun of in the Englishman by his less gritty and determined critics, is perhaps the most valuable asset that he possesses in the struggle for success in anything, but chiefly in sport.

The man who seriously sets himself to work his way up to the captaincy of his team, or athletic club, is more likely to attain his object, even though he may have to overtake and pass a more brilliant but less strenuously serious athlete.

It is, in truth, this capacity for taking things seriously that is at the root of a great deal of the Englishman's sport keenness. It not only enables him to achieve, but to enjoy, and I do not propose to discuss which is the greater pleasure to the sportsman—achievement or enjoyment.

Certain it is that without this serious side to sport it would not afford half as much pleasure to the average man. For unless the Englishman is completely wrapped up in what he undertakes, he is nearly sure to make a mess of it.

If he looks forward to the far end of a day's walk and can only see himself tired and weary, and thinking what a fool he was to set out on such a journey, then he is never likely to find much lasting pleasure in any sport.

It is the man who can plan a day's walk with the care and thoroughness of an explorer starting for Timbuctoo or the Cannibal Islands who finds pleasure in exercise.

No detail is too small for his minute attention. He will lay his plans with the greatest care.

It is not that the Englishman acts on the principle that life is short and that as much fierce exercise as possible must be crowded into his brief existence.

Rather is it a leisurely seriousness that refuses to acknowledge defeat so long as there is another chance of victory—and with most sportsmen there is always another chance, where so much sport is to be had.

Nor is record making or breaking our national characteristic. We are, as a rule, quite indifferent to this craze.

It matters nothing to us whether another fellow has made a record run or jump. That we may do likewise or better is always a possibility, but it is not our aim or even our partial object to excel in this style.

When one day we wake to find ourselves actual record-breakers we are as surprised as anybody, since we have been too thoroughly engrossed with the sport itself to think of mere results.

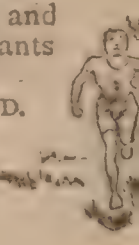
In short we, as a nation, refuse to treat sport as a competitive examination, of which only the result matters.

We would rather lose ourselves in the strenuous, absorbing business of the struggle than keep our eyes fixed on the result. For when results are reached sport is done, and when sport is done the Englishman is done also—lost and miserable.

The armchair and the pipe before a log fire may be welcome at the end of the day, but no healthy Englishman gets up in the morning buoyed up with the knowledge that in a comparatively few hours he will be back in bed again.

His fear is that the day will be all too short, and its opportunities too few to give him all he wants in the way of sport.

J. G. HAYWARD.



"JOSS" OF THE RURAL OMNIBUS.

A STUDY.

The town and the station to which we have given the lustre of our name are separated by five miles of as lonely road as can be found anywhere off the hills, so communication between the two points is not always as close and readily available as some of us could wish.

The postman's van is a regular visitor, and so is the carrier's, but the former is not a public conveyance, and the latter is far too slow for the more active of the townspeople.

There is only one other means of communication by which we may travel when roads are impossible to cyclists and riding is out of the question for some sufficient reason. This is the omnibus, a venerable, rattling, angular, worn, and skinny-looking vehicle that has had no coat of paint for many a decade, or so it appears.

Nevertheless, it is perhaps our most important link with the town; not by any virtue of its own, or its pair of dry old horses that threaten to last for ever, but chiefly on account of the jovial soul who drives it to and fro, twice a day, and three times on Saturday. His real name is hidden under the friendly appellation "Joss," to which he answers readily to people of high and low degree, for we all travel at times by his omnibus.

There is always a keen fight for the single seat beside Joss, for he is worth travelling with.

It was only quite recently, as time goes in our neighbourhood—say, from seven to ten years ago—that Joss suddenly awoke to the practical appreciation of the fact that he might make something in hard cash out of his own undoubted popularity. And the whole town remembers the morning when, on approaching the omnibus, the passengers were told that in future the charge for the box-seat would be sixpence a journey against the fourpence for a seat in the less-amusing company of the inside passengers.

At the time we all thought it rather a shame that Joss should make capital, to the extent of twopence a journey, out of our genuine affection for him; but we learned long afterwards that he had been put up to it by some more commercially-minded acquaintance.

He has that peculiar quality which enables him to be familiar and respectful at the same time. He never takes a liberty with any passenger. He is always deferential, in short, but he is so in a way that makes his companion feel that he, too, owes deference and respect to this humorous rough diamond, who is a man always, and a burning sportsman to boot.

To ride beside him along those five lonely miles of country road is to enjoy, according to the season, a perfect treat of sport. Just now he has swung with the season round to hunting topics again, and as we jog along, the reins lying loosely on the horses' backs, Joss will recall with infinite realism and crude but vigorous descriptive power the runs and excitements of the two local packs in past seasons.

It is as good as a day's hunting to sit and listen through those five miles. Whether the incidents he relates are real or imaginary—some of us think they are of the latter brand—they are told with a wealth of local colour and a repletion of exciting and amusing incident that give them the stamp of reality.

Every feature of the landscape is closely associated—in his yarns—with an incident worth listening to; and as each bend in the road discloses a spinney or a stream, or an expanse of well-fenced fields, Joss will suit his incident to the landscape, and relate some dashing exploit of the M.F.H., and some equally interesting but different sort of anecdote about the 'cuteness of an old fox who never lost his brush.

By the time the passenger ducks his head to pass into the yard of the George in the town, where Joss has his headquarters, one feels that there is little left to be told of the sporting annals of the neighbourhood; and Joss has earned his sixpence—and a "glass."

M. BRUCE.

MY NOTEBOOK.

THANK YOU! I wish to express at once my very sincere thanks to those who have written congratulating me on the first birthday of this paper.

I am writing to each correspondent individually and as quickly as I can, but I have received so many letters that there will necessarily be a certain amount of delay in replying to some of them, and therefore I take this opportunity of tendering to each of my friends my very warmest thanks for their kindness in writing to me.

THE PHOTOGRAPH. The comments that have reached me concerning my photograph have been very interesting, and some of them have been amusing, but on the whole I do not think that I have any reason to regret having published it, for it enables us to know one another better.

Before that particular number was issued to the public, I showed one of the supplements to a friend of mine.

"I think you have made a great mistake," he said. "You ought to have been taken in such a way that you would have looked older and more sedate. I am sure that many readers will be disappointed at finding you only a young man."

I am glad that his surmise has not proved correct. I have not received any letters expressing regret at the fact that I am young. And, after all, why should I not be young?

In these days the majority of big enterprises are run by young men, and I am glad to find that my readers do not think any the less of me because in these rambling notes and by my photograph I have confessed to them that what I may have to say does not possess the weight of years behind it.

THE LEAGUE. I am very glad that the League from the outset has proved to be a big success. Applications for badges have been dealt with as received, and no time has been wasted in dispatching them. The demand, however, has been greater than I anticipated, and it will take me some little time to complete the last orders to hand.

I must therefore ask those who have not yet received their badges to be patient for a few days. I shall have them sent to them at the earliest possible moment; but you can very well understand that in a matter like this I did not wish to saddle myself with an enormous stock, which, for all I knew, might not be required.

LOCAL CLUBS. Many suggestions have been made to me with regard to the League.

I have already stated that I do not think that the hour is yet ripe for the formation of MODERN MAN Clubs in each large city and town, but I am working towards that end. The majority of my correspondents understand the difficulties that have to be faced in forming such clubs, and they agree with me that we ought to wait a little till we have a large League membership from which club members could be drawn.

MOTTOES. The mottoes that have been suggested for the League are legion.

"Play the game" is one favoured by many, and a jolly good one it is, too, but I do not think that, all things considered, it is better than the one which I selected as a motto for this paper, and which appears under the title on page 1 each week.

It is a pretty useful motto for a man's guidance in life.

WHERE THEY FAIL. The matter of mottoes, however, is one which has not concerned me greatly. I do not like the idea of having a motto inscribed upon a badge. To my mind there is something cheap about it, and personally I should not care to wear a badge with a motto upon it.

I am afraid I may have enforced my personality too much in running this paper and in the conduct of all that concerns it, but, such being my personal feeling, the badge had to be somethi that I felt I myself would like to wear.

Mottoes are, after all, rather [illegible] No useful purpose is served in [illegible] man with a motto. Many of our old families [illegible] excellent mottoes attached to their [illegible] and many badges issued by religious and [illegible] societies are emblazoned with mottoes embodying a great truth or a great ambition, but how many of the wearers of these mottoes are really influenced by them? I imagine that the number is small indeed.

IN YOUR OWN HANDS. In forming THE MODERN MAN League I have intentionally made no rules whatsoever.

My readers are men like myself, and they are every bit as competent to deal with this and other matters as I am. All that I do is to supply them with a badge by which they may recognise one another. The rest is left in their own hands.

THE QUESTION OF ROTTERS. In the case of a paper with a circulation such as this there will, I fear, several stumors who will send up for and secure badges.

They will wear them without possessing the right to do so, and it is impossible for me to prevent them, for I cannot interview every reader who applies to me for membership of the League.

This matter, of course, suggested itself to me at the very inception of the idea, but I felt then, and I feel now, that I may very safely leave the matter in the hands of my readers.

If there should be a man in any town wearing a League badge who is known to be unworthy of it, I rely upon my friends and readers to take such measures they may deem proper to deprive him of it, and to communicate with me so that he shall not receive another.

You will see by this hint that I am relying upon your co-operation in making THE MODERN MAN League as perfect as may be.

There is no society in existence which can guarantee that none of its members are rotters, and it is impossible for me to make such a guarantee in the case of THE MODERN MAN League, unless you will help me to eliminate from its membership those who are unworthy to wear its badge.

I want the League to consist wholly of men that you and I would personally like to meet. I want it to be something greater and wider than Freemasonry, an organisation that will enable each of us to enjoy life better and to form those friendships which are so invaluable in the building up of a man's character.

I want to feel that whenever I see a man wearing a League badge, I may speak to him with the certainty that he is a jolly good chap. I know that in the vast majority of cases this will be so, for the paper has a freezing-off influence upon those who are not of the type we like, but my knowledge of life shows me that there may creep into the League certain men who are, shall we say, undesirables.

I ask your kindly assistance in getting them out.

VISITS AND INVITATIONS. I am glad to say that I am continue to receive many visits from my readers and many invitations to visit them.

I regard it as a very great compliment when a man takes the trouble, and goes to the expense, of paying me a personal visit.

I mentioned some time ago, when referring to this subject, that Tuesdays and Wednesdays were my busiest days. Since then, I have altered my office routine somewhat, and my busiest days are now Wednesdays and Thursdays.

I mention this fact because it may be convenient for you to come to see me on a Tuesday, which is now one of my best days.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

SMUT.

"Will not stand upon decency, but will talk smut."
—ADDISON.

ere is no surer way of making yourself a ing-stock among your masculine friends than ging a protest against the telling of question- arns.

doubt you have often reflected upon the ar psychology of smutty yarns, and have ered whence they originate. Why are they ed to with so much more interest than ary chestnuts, and why when one happens to ld, do innumerable others spring up like s on a hot bed?

re are three reasons.

first is that smutty stories are usually short, heir brevity renders them the more pointed. they are easily remembered, because they in a category apart from other yarns. asts impress. But the strongest factor is there is a subtle kind of pleasure in saying cted things under unrestricted conditions, accounts for much of feminine gossip also. all know how extensively the smutty yarn suggestive allusion is brought out. In fact, of us laugh heartily when a good one is told. are often humorous—apart from the smut. emptation to pass it on is great and gradually rks its way about.

does no harm," you say. That is a moot which I will not now discuss. The humour tale itself may submerge its dirtiness, and effects in the minds of the hearers may n.

at is another defence of smut; and I am out ow its weakness, without any attempt to h.

invariable result follows the telling of a y yarn. It is simply that the teller falls a some hearer's estimation.

ink of the man whom you know has always tty tale to empty into the ears of his friends. you think much of him?

vendor of suggestive remarks and chestnuts nly makes his company laugh—but they at the joke and despise him; or at least him lower in their esteem.

know that after you have yielded to the tion to trot out the humorous, but dirty which has fairly convulsed your friends, giving trails through your mind.

know you have lowered your estimation of lf.

mounts to this, then, that you have bartered e momentary amusement of your friends, a of your self-respect.

are a manly man the reputation of being tty" is one you would strenuously avoid. all, you would not have those dearest to n your presence as you unfold questionable or allusions.

feel a mighty ass if your visit with a lady to re or music-hall allows her to hear any- suggestive. That is because you know that espect is the hall-mark of a gentleman, and are careful to guard your character and ation.

erein lies the difference between the sport he sportsman.

e sport revels in the reputation of being "a a dog, you know." The sportsman abhors ing at all shady. At times he may express lf in language otherwise than mild, for which deficiency of expressive adjectives in the sh language is largely responsible.

but canting cranks think much less of a for that, for there is nothing shady in it. esy, not hypocrisy, suppresses it in the nce of the gentler sex.

erefore, by keeping the escutcheon of his ar unsullied by the stains of smut, a man is f a hypocrite and more of a gentleman.

ength—of body and of character—is the glory man.

ery time a man trades in smutty yarns he been weak, and weak to a great degree; for, poleon said of his armies, the moral is to the cal as ten to one. HAROLD FAIRHURST.

LUCKY.

The motor-car had been trying to do a cake-walk or something. Anyhow, it had spilt the motorist and done a bit of damage to itself into the bargain.

The man from the garage was sent for, and the butler interviewed him.

"The master's been very unlucky with his cars," said that magnificent personage. "He's in bed now, with a compound fracture of the——"

"Is he dead?" asked the mechanic calmly.

"No," said the butler.

"Then you can't say he's unlucky. Lots of our customers are dead."

OWNER: "William, you are too heavy. Can't you take something off?"

JOCKEY: "I'm wearing my lightest suit, and haven't tasted food all day."

OWNER: "Then, for goodness' sake, go and get shaved."

BEING EXACT.

It was a police-court case, following some trouble at a race meeting.

The lawyer shook his finger warningly at the witness and said:

"Now we want to hear just what you know, not what somebody else knows, or what you think, or anything of that kind, but what you know. Do you understand?"

"Well, I know," said the witness, with emphasis, as he leant forward easily in the box. "I know that Jim Clay said that Bill Thompson told him that he heard John Thomas tell Sid Smith that his father was there when the fight took place, and that he said that they flung each other about pretty considerable."

IN THE OFFICE.

The book-keeper turned up after a day's absence.

After his interview with the boss the cashier thought he might as well get a few facts, with a view to their future possible utility.

"Did you have a doctor's certificate?" asked the cashier.

"No," replied the book-keeper. "I was really ill."

And the cashier stuck his head into the coolness of the safe to think it over.

WHAT HE BROUGHT HOME.

He came home in the small hours of the morning, and his loving spouse confronted him with wrath in her eye and a telegram in her hand, saying grimly:

"Here is news that has been waiting for you since supper-time."

He blinked, looked wise, and, braced up against the hat-rack, felt through his pockets, murmuring, "I left my glasses in town."

"Yes," she replied, with scathing irony; "but you brought the contents with you."

BINKS AS AN ART COLLECTOR.

THE PARTING OF A FOOL AND HIS MONEY.

Binks's father began it, so this trait of Binks's is hereditary.

The fact that if Binks's father had not been an art collector, Binks would have been a much richer man, doesn't trouble Binks at all. He simply goes on collecting—rubbish, his friends call it—art treasure, he dubs it.

You may see Binks several times a week with a picture done up in brown paper under his arm, and a curious bulging out of his coat-tail pocket.

He's been to some sale or other, and is carrying home his spoils.

He will produce—without demand—a cup and saucer, proudly remarking, "Old Pekin, my boy, from So-and-So's famous collection."

You notice that both are badly chipped and more than a little cracked, but that doesn't matter to Binks.

He is happy. Cracks and chips are of no significance when you possess a whole cup and saucer of old Pekin china.

"Dragon China," he informs you with the air of one possessing friendship with the Chinese Emperor, as you look at a sadly-damaged vase.

It is the same with his oil paintings. Every one is styled a Rubens or a Murillo, and his prints are all Bartolozzis or Albert Dürers.

He's got a glove which belonged to William the Conqueror and a pipe which soothed the evil temper of Richard Crookback.

You point out that gloves were not invented in the time of the Norman Invasion, and that the tobacco plant had not been discovered in the time of Richard the Third.

It is no use. Binks treasures his ideas as carefully as his collection.

There is a romance, too, about his dates and nomenclature which is absent from his curios.

I took the trouble once to smuggle an expert into Binks's treasure house while Binks was at a sale, and he laughed so much that I thought he was sickening for the laughing mania that takes some religious fanatics at different eras.

But he explained afterwards that it was the sight of Binks's labels that amused him. Binks had not got a genuine piece of china in the place—the only real things about his collection were the cracks and the chips.

And the pictures? Well, the frames were honest, but all the rest were imitations.

I never dared to tell Binks. I had hoped to please him by giving him an expert's opinion free, gratis, and for nothing.

Binks has lately added coins to his museum, and foolishly enough allowed it to be known that he bought such things.

Of course, he has been done on several occasions, and some clever rogues made a rich thing out of him by palming off made-up Roman coins on him, and getting good honest English money in return. That went on until the police caught them for passing bad money, and incidentally making it.

Then he took up war medals, and the place was literally besieged by old soldiers, a sprinkling of real fire-eaters, and a whole lot of frauds.

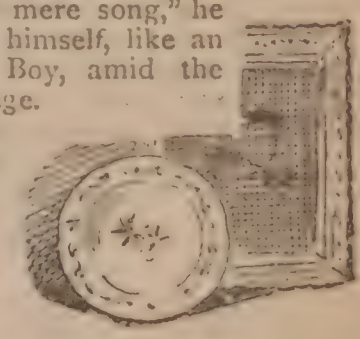
That craze died out speedily, for they imagined the parting with their medals entitled them to become pensioners in perpetuity, and Binks's wife struck at that.

Musical instruments attracted Binks. I do not know why, for he cannot play a note or hum a tune correctly, and if he were to tell the truth he prefers a mouth-organ to a violin.

He knocked out a wall of his dining-room to accommodate a great organ, on which no one could perform, even when the boot boy blew himself nearly to bursting in trying to work the bellows.

He purchased a harp, "for a mere song," he said, and had to carry it home himself, like an overgrown and aged Minstrel Boy, amid the laughter of an unsympathetic village.

Binks's next idea is awaited by his friends with some little anxiety. SIGISMUND SMITH.



RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT.

Conducted by F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

CORRECT BREATHING.

It might be supposed that everyone was acquainted with the correct method of breathing—that Nature had implanted the instinct, and that you cannot improve on Nature.

Nature, it is true, provided the machinery, and intended we should all breathe in a certain way; and that way is through the nose.

Nevertheless many persist in breathing through the mouth.

To breathe correctly is really the foundation of health. By breathing through the nose the air is purified and warmed before entering the lungs. It is obvious, therefore, that if air is taken *via* the mouth it reaches the lungs cold, dry, and irritating, and is frequently the cause of asthma and catarrh, diseases of the tonsils, and so on.

The habit is a bad one, and should be checked at the outset. While exercising, care should be taken to make sure one is breathing through the nostrils.

If on indulging in violent exercises you find a tendency to open the mouth to admit more air, stop for a few minutes until the heart beats normally, and then recommence.

A little cold cream rubbed on the bridge of the nose on retiring to rest will aid in freeing the passages from any obstruction.

A marked increase in health will follow the relinquishing of the mouth-breathing habit, to say nothing of the strengthening of the lungs and the improvement in chest measurement.

Correct breathing is important in more ways than one. Even the teeth suffer from the breath being taken entirely through the mouth, for their preservation demands moisture, and only if the mouth is kept closed can the mucous membrane which supplies it be prevented from becoming dry.

Special breathing exercises, of which I have given some in an earlier number, are invaluable for strengthening and exercising the lungs.

FOR THE ABDOMEN AND LEGS.

Lie at full length on the floor or on a bed, with the arms by the sides, and the feet as far as possible in a straight line with the body.

Raise the legs slowly from the floor, keeping them absolutely stiff and straight, and bending only from the hips.

This must be done slowly.

Keep both legs together throughout the exercise, not raising them separately as in a former exercise which I have given on this page.

The exercise shown in the sketch will cause much greater strain on the abdominal muscles, and will exercise those of both sides evenly and at the same time.

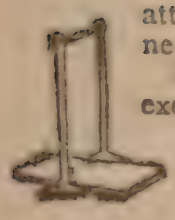
When the legs have been raised to the perpendicular, or perhaps a trifle past it, they should be returned very slowly to the starting position.

Besides the muscles of the abdomen, those of the thigh will gain considerably in development by this movement, and those of the ankle will benefit by the strain of keeping the feet pointed outwards.

It is possible to give an added value to this exercise by raising the head when the legs have reached the perpendicular, thus introducing a very fine neck exercise.

But on the whole it is better to concentrate the attention entirely on the legs, and to practise the neck exercise separately if desired.

I propose, however, to give an even better neck exercise next week.



FRUIT AS A DIET.

Fruit should always find a place on the breakfast-table, summer and winter.

Thanks to superior shipping facilities, which have opened up fresh ground, and the knowledge of the art of packing delicate fruits, we are now able to command a varied assortment all the year round.

There is no doubt that the ideal time for eating fruit is early morning, before any meal is taken.

Remember the Spanish proverb runs: "Golden in the morning, silver at noon, lead at night," yet custom only advocates dessert in the evening or perhaps midday.

Oranges are excellent when eaten in the morning. Jimmy Britt, the boxer, is a great believer in their dietetic properties during training.

It is an excellent American habit to eat an apple before breakfast.

Grapes will often cure a bad cold if partaken of largely and used as the chief diet.

A slice of lemon in the tea is most refreshing, and lemon juice is prescribed by physicians to help weak digestions.

Bananas are a food in themselves, but some find a difficulty in digesting them. They can be cooked in a variety of ways.

A BALANCING TRICK.

The second trick of the series of which I gave the first last week is also one which requires a good deal of practice before it can be done with certainty, and the vain attempts, of which most people make a good many at the beginning, are as amusing to the spectators as they are physically beneficial to the performer.

There is always an interest in being up against something that takes some doing, especially if you know that it can be done. And you can get a lot of amusement out of tricks like these if you saunter up and bring them off as if they were the easiest things in the world.

A showy feat—when you can do it.

Your friends expect to be able to do them with the same apparent ease, and they usually fail lamentably. For this trick all that is required is a newspaper or magazine.

This should be placed, half open, as shown in the sketch, on the floor about eighteen inches in front of you.

Raise the right foot—or the left, if you find it easier—from the ground, and grasp the ankle with your right, or left, hand. Place the other hand behind your neck.

Now try to pick up the magazine with your teeth.

You will find that the keeping of your balance will present no small difficulty. When you are about half-way down the chances are that you will topple over in the most helpless way, until, by practice, you have accustomed the muscles of your leg to bear the weight of your body with the knee bent, and to maintain the balance at the same time.

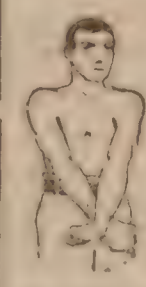
No ordinary exercise could give greater suppleness to the leg muscles, and even the abdominal muscles will profit considerably.

It will be advisable to begin with a newspaper folded across the middle, as this will be taller than the average magazine, or your copy of this paper will answer the purpose admirably.

FOR THE CHEST MUSCLES.

Start with the hands by the sides, and th tightly clenched.

Bring both hands in front of the body, ke the arms straight and crossing the wris shown in the sketch.



A resistance exercise.

On reaching this position pres forearms tightly together, contra the breast muscles as much as pos and bringing the shoulders forwa

Then return the arms slowly t sides, and expand the chest t fullest extent.

Now repeat the exercise with position of the arms reversed, continue it several times over, the hands alternately on top underneath.

EXERCISING WITH A WILL.

One often hears certain systems abused, various appliances for increasing health strength condemned, simply because the us such has fallen short of the ideal set before hi

Unless the will power of the individu brought to bear on his various exercises, useless to hope that full benefit will be de from them.

Half-hearted movements with the dumb listless breathing exercises, and indiffer performed gymnastics, are not only absol useless, but in some cases actually harmful

Often a young athlete finds his enthusias his exercises begin to pall; the monotony dis him, and that which at first was an unbear pleasure to perform, ends by being real drudg

In such instances I always advise that exercises should be dropped for a time, and a be taken, or that some hobby should be ent on which will take the individual into the fres as much as possible, while keeping his mind his muscles and body.

It is, therefore, as well to introduce as novelty in the exercises as possible, and to p will power behind each muscular effort.

SKIPPING FOR THE ATHLETE.

I have referred before to the usefulnes skipping as a form of concentrated indoor exer but it cannot be insisted on too much.

All the leading athletes have paid tribute the value of skipping as an exercise. Wrest and boxers alike include it in their curriculum.

In point of fact there is no better all exercise either for the athlete or the individual. Certainly there is nothing so cheap or easy. Three yards of rope, a pair loose knickers and rubber shoes, and there are!

Ordinary "one-two" skipping is easy but really complicated steps can be practised advantage. Many noted athletes boast sands of revolutions they can make w pause, while introducing several novel steps.

Accurate time, speed and thoroughness be aimed at, however.

Skipping brings into play the abdo muscles and those of the chest, shoulders and legs. It renders them supple and reduces avoirdupois, and makes one generally fit as a fiddle.

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BATHING IN HOT AIR.

A Princess's Gift to a London Hospital.

Owing to the generosity of Princess Hatzfeldt, a hot-air plant was, some time ago, placed in a London Hospital. The treatment is doing a wonderful work. So far it has been applied to obscure injuries to the joints, muscular pain and stiffness, chronic rheumatism, rheumatoid arthritis, lumbago, sciatica, gout, and diseases arising from the presence of uric acid in excess in the system. The secretary to the hospital, talking to a Press representative, said: "The relief is instantaneous—the look of amazement on the faces of the patients after the first application of the local hot-air bath is comical. Rheumatic patients, unable to raise their arms or close their hands for years, have been able to move their arms and hands freely, much to their surprise."

I know that surprise—half humorous, half sad—which comes to the sufferer from pain when he is suddenly relieved after many years. It has been my good fortune to be responsible for that sometimes humorous, sometimes sad expression of gratitude. For years I have stood alone, a solitary missionary, selling cheap and effective hot-air baths for the home. I may claim to have introduced the hot-air bath, in a practical manner, to the English home, in the form of the Gem 30s. Cabinet. Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Gout, Neuralgia, and many other afflictions have been cured by my Gem hot-air Cabinet for many years. Just read what a Grantham lady wrote recently:

"It (the Gem Bath) has done me a great deal of good. . . . Mine is such a bad case of chronic rheumatism. I could not lift either of my arms up, but now I can get them up to my head, and I can dress myself. . . . I can walk without pain now. . . ."

And I can show much similar testimony.

I did not invent hot-air treatment, though I did give the hot-air principle its most practical form, for my Cabinet has made the hot-air bath possible in your bath-room or bedroom. The treatment at the London Hospital is excellent. But it can only treat a limited number of patients, and to produce a permanent cure these patients must be treated often, to the exclusion of patients on the waiting list. The only alternative is to give relief and to leave the cure incomplete.

In the hospital a very high degree of temperature is obtained, but my experience proves that the main point is to have a simple and safe means of getting a heat sufficient to induce profuse perspiration, thus relieving the body of the impurities that cause disease, and to take the baths often and regularly.

In a Public Turkish Bath this is expensive. In a busy hospital it is impossible.

But 30s. will bring my Gem Bath Cabinet complete to your own house, with every essential for a regular hot-air bath as often as you like, and a bath costs less than 1½d.

Without the introduction of my 30s. Gem Turkish Bath Cabinet, regular long continued treatment by hot-air—the only successful treatment for many ailments—would be impossible. It gives the maximum benefit possible in the treatment of Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuralgia, Nervous Trouble, Liver and Kidney diseases, Eczema, and impaired Digestion at a minimum cost and a minimum of trouble.

And with this Cabinet you can not only have the hot-air (that is, dry air) treatment, but you may have steam, medicated, or perfumed baths, at no extra cost for apparatus. No visits to public Turkish baths, no breathing nauseating atmosphere, and the avoidance of publicity are all strong points in my system.

I'm a missionary first and a business man after. I'd like to give my baths away. To many needy sufferers in my own immediate acquaintance I have given my Cabinets and my practical help, but I cannot afford to give them to the Public any more than Princess Hatzfeldt can provide hot-air baths for the million. I do say this: If I had not faith in my bath I would not be in the business. That is a matter for you to believe as you like—you have probably heard advertising statements before.

But I go a little further still! You need not believe in my sincerity at all. You can try my bath at my risk, for a week. If you feel, after purchasing a Gem Turkish Bath Cabinet, that it is not doing you any good, at the end of seven days you can send it back. I will return your money by next post. You need not explain or write long letters. I expect you to take my word, and am prepared to take yours. Send it back at the end of the week's trial, and say you don't want the bath. I shall know you expect your money back, and will see that you get it, on the word of a man with a sterling business record, who makes good every undertaking he enters into. And to prove my sincerity I am willing to accept a money-order post-dated ten days, so that you don't run the slightest risk of losing your money.

At least, if I haven't yet convinced you of the value of hot-air bathing, let me send you my valuable 100-page booklet. It contains a mass of information from medical, hygienic, and common-sense sources. It costs you nothing beyond a simple request, mentioning this paper, on a halfpenny postcard. Cheques and postal orders should be made payable to my Company, The Gem Supplies Co., Ltd. (Desk 18), 22, Pear Tree Street, Goswell Road (near Gas Company's Office), London, E.C.

The Turkish Bath Man.

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Enclosed find Money Order value ..... for which send me one 30s. No. 1 Standard Bath Cabinet. This Money Order is sent on the understanding that I am at liberty to return the cabinet within the next ten days and my money will be returned.

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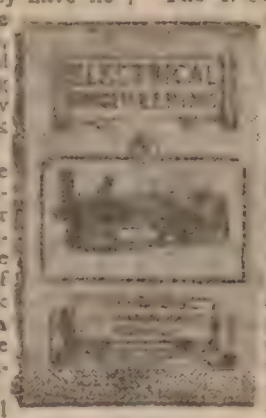

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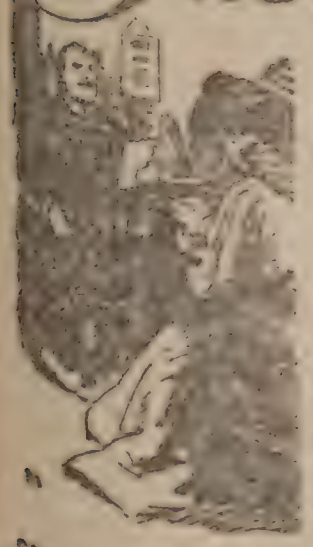

A WEEKLY FEATURE.
Conducted by
R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

PREACHING SUCCESS.

I have before me a letter which has been forwarded to me by the Editor of THE MODERN MAN.

It is apparently from a working-class reader, who says:

"Mr. Macnaughten seems to take it for granted that everybody he is writing to keeps a shop. I think it would be much better if you could persuade him to give us a page each week of such stimulating matter as one finds in certain handbooks on success. He might take as texts for his various articles, 'Do it now,' 'Get on or get out,' and 'Don't be a slacker.'"

It was once my painful experience to read certain articles of the description to which he alludes. They postulated at the outset that every reader was a slacker and a general good-for-nothing, and the professed object of them was to put new life into those who perused them.

I wonder whether any writer ever put pen to paper with a more futile object.

That such articles should be read at all is explained by the fact that the lazy man experiences, on reading them, some sort of thrill. It is like listening to another person being scolded for a fault. He knows that he might justly be blamed in a similar fashion, but he does not resent the sermon as he otherwise would do, because it is not being directed against him personally.

With articles of that description there is a momentary thrill due to the writer's powers of persuasion, but that is their only result.

This thrill passes almost at once. The man who was lazy before is just as lazy after experiencing it.

In one word, this type of writing is not practical, but merely sensational. Instead of endeavouring to discuss those problems which present themselves to the business man, this class of writer confines himself to tickling the emotional palates of his readers.

I have never attempted to do this, for several reasons.

In the first place, I am convinced that men are born with varying energy. There are some that you could never keep under, no matter what poverty they started with, or what disaster overtook them; and there are others who are bound to go under, no matter how wealthy they may be at the outset of their careers.

My experience of business life leads me to believe that this is a truth, and I do not think that it is a regrettable one. If every man had the talent of a Napoleon, what would our Napoleons do for want of private soldiers?

I think it is far better to leave this sort of [illegible] clap-trap for those papers which do not take business seriously, and to restrict myself to discussing the various problems that confront the business man.

There does not seem to me to be any need to hustle him. Those who like hustling are those who are not actively engaged in the conflict, and they like it only when it is directed at somebody else.

People of this class are the sensation-mongers of business. They would let a customer go unserved because they were busy in the perusal of the biography of some successful business man.

In a word, they are not practical men of business, but dreamers, who like sensation served up on a business life foundation.

They are not really in the running, for they only talk and do nothing. Therefore I feel that I am justified in not catering for them, and I warn them that they are never likely to find much in their line on this page so long as I am responsible for it.

Why should I howl at a man that he ought to buckle to, that he ought to buck up, or however you like to express it? To din that into the ears of a practical business man is to waste your own breath and his time.

Competition and the need for making both ends meet give him all the spur he needs.

As to my saying so much about shopkeeping, I have done so because this branch of commerce affords many useful examples and illustrations in a general way.

The whole commercial life consists of buying and selling things, and in shopkeeping, therefore, we have it in epitome.

HOME-MADE GOODS.

In many grocers' shops you can obtain home-made jams and pickles. They are really home-made, made, in fact, by the grocer's wife, and upon their quality you can rely, for she takes special pride in having them right.

There have sprung into being, however, several firms who make a speciality of supplying so-called home-made goods of this description.

They will provide you, free of charge, with labels for your jam pots, on which are embellished your full name and address, coupled with the assertion that these are home-made goods.

There are many deceptions in business which we wink at, but I do not think this should be one of them.

To begin with, the assertion that the goods are home-made, if they are not actually so, is a falsehood, and, beyond that, you must remember that you are accepting all responsibility for the goods, and that the actual manufacturers are not doing so, for their name does not appear on the label.

It is a much wiser plan to avoid this kind of deception altogether. If you can get jam, pickles, etc., made at home, well and good. They will be of high quality, and the public will probably like them; but if you have to buy goods of this class, patronise only those firms which put their own names upon the labels.

They then have a sound reason for keeping up the quality of the stuff, which reason is lacking when they put your name instead of their own.

BUYING.

One of the great points to observe in buying is to avoid making a ridiculous offer.

The man who is out for a bargain is sometimes guilty of offering a price which is altogether unreasonably low. By doing so he gives his game away.

You know what a thing is worth, for what you are buying comes within the scope of your own business. The man who is selling also knows what it is worth.

He wants to sell it for more than its value. You want to buy it for less. Here you have the condition of affairs in a nutshell.

Your policy is to offer a little less than you know he will accept.

If you offer much less, he sees that you are trying to play games with him, and he sticks out for his price.

On the other hand, if your offer is a low but yet a reasonable one, he begins to think that your estimate of the value, and not his, is correct, and he is more disposed to meet your views.

I am speaking, of course, of buying in general. There are exceptional opportunities sometimes of picking up a bargain, and cases like these must be dealt with as they occur.

DOG BREEDING.

One of the most profitable and interesting methods of spare-time money-making is the breeding of dogs, and it is now practised by many amateurs, who have attained remarkably good results at many of the recent shows.

It is a mistake to suppose that a dog can be fed on any sort of scraps and housed in an odd corner. The man who means to make money out of dog breeding must pay as much attention to his stud as the horse owner would to his horses.

The hobby is always an intensely interesting one, because, apart from the element of chance that is always in it, success in this direction depends largely upon the judgment and skill of the breeder. By careful crossing, wonderful results can be obtained from dogs that are in themselves by no means exceptionally good.

How are you?

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They are suitable for
ALL KINDS OF DOGS AND PUPPIES,
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These Foods are composed of the purest ingredients only. Their unique effects are due to the antiseptic properties of the foods of which the cakes are compounded. They aid digestion, keep dogs' skins and coats in fine condition, eradicate internal worms and parasites and prevent the dogs smelling.
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Richard Selby: Englishman

By ADAM STERN.

EACH OF THESE STORIES IS COMPLETE IN ITSELF.

XXXV.

A TEST OF ENDURANCE.

It was the month of February in a year famed for its hard and bitter winter, and in and about the town of Moulden, Staffordshire, famed no less for the hard and bitter trade war between Richard Selby and the Great Chain Syndicate.

The magnificent premises occupied by the Syndicate had been commenced and finished within the space of five months, run up to six stories and built in a square, so that from all sides it could be seen, towering above the blackened, dilapidated buildings which had sufficed in former times for the rough-and-ready makers of chain.

Observers who were impressed by imposing externals were unanimous in predicting the early downfall of the man who, young and single-handed, had the temerity to oppose a commercial combine of such wealth and power.

Observers of deeper penetration, seeing Richard going about the streets of Moulden these days, alert and unruffled, seeing also that his works were being rapidly and unobtrusively extended, not upwards but lengthwise—low buildings stretching back a long way from the street, and needing a bird's-eye-view to scan their full dimensions—these observers said to themselves, "Wait."

It was Vincent Lyons, of Bagley Court, motoring past Richard's works in company with his daughter one day of this February, who perhaps drew the happiest comparison between the rivals.

"That," he said, as they passed the wide doors, now open, leading to the works, and caught a glimpse of the buildings beyond, "that suggests to me a crouching lion, and that"—he waved a gloved hand in the direction of the ponderous edifice of the Syndicate—"a contemplative elephant."

"Shall we call and ask the lion to dinner to-night?" suggested Violet. "It seems an age since he has been."

"You prefer lions to elephants, then?" said her father, turning to her.

"Well, I think they're—better-looking. Don't you? Look at us, for instance." . . . "

Mr. Lyons grimaced in mock agony at the pun, and spoke through the speaking-tube to the chauffeur.

"I expect he will think us a nuisance," he continued, as the car was turned round, "if we happen to disturb him while he is busy."

"I expect he will," agreed Violet, demurely. But she knew otherwise.

Richard happened to be just coming out of his works as the car drew up alongside the pavement, and his face lighted with pleasure.

"I'm very much afraid I can't manage it," he said, in answer to the invitation, and obviously his disappointment was keen. "I have to be here in town at 8.30 to attend a public meeting."

"The mass meeting of the unemployed in the square?" queried Lyons, raising his eyebrows in surprise.

"That's it," said Richard.

"What meeting is that?" asked Violet, looking from him to her father with interest. Her intuition had detected a ring of strange hardness in Richard's voice.

"The one that is advertised on all the hoardings about the town, I presume," said Lyons. "Is the distress very acute?"

"Scarcely that. It's more in the nature of a protest, so I understand," said Richard, with a suspicion of evasion.

Violet's eyes were fixed steadily on his face.

"A protest against you?" she asked.

"And the Syndicate as well," he answered. "They don't like the introduction of machinery into the trade. They look upon it as the cause of their needing work."

"No doubt with some measure of justice," remarked Lyons.

"They forget that a similar state of unemployment has existed every year," returned Richard, again with a hard inflection.

Violet bent towards him a little.

"Is it worse now?" she asked, seriously.

"Very likely."

"Are you at all responsible?"

"If it is worse," answered Richard quietly, "yes."

"But the Syndicate must be equally responsible," interjected Lyons with quick fairness.

"That doesn't alter the fact," said Violet distinctly, and she sat back in her seat, looking straight down the street. It was a plain indication that she had ascertained enough, and that the knowledge angered her.

Richard compressed his lips slightly.

"One moment," said Lyons, seeing that he was about to say good-bye and go. "What can be your object in attending the meeting?"

"I've been invited."

"So that you may explain your position."

"I suppose so."

Violet spoke again. "Are Mr. Derwood and Mr. Dean going as well?" she asked.

"I can't say."

The tension was becoming unpleasant, and Mr. Lyons endeavoured tactfully to relieve it.

"I gather," he said, with a smile, "that the men are anxious to know how the adoption of this economical machinery will affect them in the future. Naturally, it acts inimically upon the condition of some of them, and they cannot be expected to understand that labour is not lessened by such innovations, but distributed among other sources of employment."

"True enough," assented Richard briefly.

There was a pause. Lyons was hoping that Richard would give some indication of what he intended to do. His delicacy as a gentleman forbade that he should ask any more questions.

"The situation is difficult," he added, filling the pause, "but it is one that every progressive business man has to face. Well, I'm sorry that we can't have the pleasure of your company at dinner."

"Mr. Selby would have plenty of time," put in Violet, unexpectedly. "We could have it at half-past six instead of seven, and—" she turned to Richard—"we could send the car for you, if you like."

Richard had a sudden idea that she wanted to talk with him. He glanced down at his riding rig-out.

"I needn't put you to that trouble," he said, "I could ride out and back if you would excuse my——"

"Of course," said Violet, decisively. "We—be alone."

"Then—gladly," he agreed.

He shook hands and watched the car rapidly away from him, a strained look in his Then he turned abruptly about and walked sha in the opposite direction.

After leaving him, Vincent Lyons and daughter were silent for a space.

"There's something in the air that I understand," said Lyons at length. "He clearly worried. I wonder what it is."

"He didn't intend us to understand," obse Violet, and it might have been that here was real reason for her anger.

She noticed her father saluting someone, following his glance, saw that it was Richa rival, and the most prominent member of Syndicate, Mr. Derwood.

"Stop!" she commanded the chauffeur, beckoned. Violet Lyons was quick to decide quick to act; moreover, she was very much in habit of having her own way—no bad quality a woman when she possesses a firm character.

Mr. Derwood approached, smiling There was an expression of amusement on face. It was always there when his only daug carried things with a high hand.

"Are you going to the meeting to-nig Derwood?" she asked pleasantly, and po a placard on the wall near by.

"*That* meeting?" Derwood laughed. "Ha he said. "I'm not anxious to get broken."

Violet's eyes dilated, otherwise her app did not change. This was what her ceptions had told her. There was dang be savagery, threatening.

"Evidently you deem discretion the bet of valour," observed her father, lightly.

"Nor Mr. Dean?" said Violet, purs inquiry.

"Of course, we shall ignore it alto answered Derwood. "There are far more tant matters engaging our attention."

"Mr. Selby, perhaps," suggested Violet, flush rising to her cheeks.

Derwood shot her a glance; then his "Commercially speaking," he said, look upon him as important."

Lyons coughed suddenly, just possibly trol a laugh. Suspicion showed in face, and he looked at them both in turn.

"Mr. Selby is going," said Violet, sweetly, to fortify him against a broken head we asked him to dinner. I really think, for his we ought to detain him so long that he will be late. What do you think?"

Derwood searched his brain busily for a ing retort, and found one.

"As he will be among the companions youth," he said, "I hardly imagine you have for anxiety."

If the shaft went home, there was no sig

"Then I can let him go in safety," Violet. "Good-bye."

Derwood, like Richard, stood gazing retreating car, but in his eyes was an evil

She had spoken of Richard as though he possession of hers that she was entitled to His jealousy leaped to fury.

"Go to the meeting, will he?" he "And show himself a braver man than I G—d, he sha'n't."

At that moment Vincent Lyons was affectionate summary of his daughter's moods of the morning.

"You're shockingly ill-tempered to remarked genially, "shockingly!"

"Oh, men are so hateful," Then she gave his arm a little squeeze except you," she said.

And her father, though he was not probing the depths of a woman's emotion, bec thoughtful all at once.

II.

When Richard arrived, Violet came ou of the rooms and met him in the great "Father is writing a letter in the

[illegible] "He'll be free in a minute or two. Let us sit down here."

She was wearing a pale grey dress, and she looked beautiful, but with a suggestion of hidden misery.

"This meeting," she said, directly. "I don't want you to go."

"I must," said Richard. He had guessed this was coming, and felt no surprise.

"Why must you?"

"I've promised."

Violet was seated with her hands clasped passively on her lap, but her eyes were unusually bright.

"How did you come to do that?" she demanded.

"Mortimer—one of their leading spirits—asked," Richard spoke quietly, patiently. "He feels there might be trouble if this competition between the Syndicate and me were not stopped. He accused me of forcing down the price of chains to an extent that made it impossible for the men to receive fair wages."

"Have you done that?" asked Violet.

"My men are paid wages as high as they ever were. But the Syndicate's employees are not. They attempted it at first, so as to capture the trade, but they soon altered that."

"Because of you making prices so low?"

"Yes," replied Richard, steadily.

"Why have you done it?"

Richard's face set like iron.

"One of us has got to go out of the chain trade," he said.

"And while you fight for supremacy the men of Moulden have to suffer!" Violet made a little, passionate gesture. "And the children. Have you thought of the children, Mr. Selby?"

Richard's eyes never left her face, and he did not flinch that she held him to blame for the sufferings of the helpless.

"I think of them!" he said. "I've been like that all along."

She leaned forward impulsively.

"Then you feel for them, then?"

"Feel for them enough to oppose this Syndicate tooth and nail. Once they had things all their own way in Moulden would be perpetual misery. While there is war there is going to be suffering—suffering for all. I haven't wanted this fight, but now it's begun I'm going through with it."

"For your own sake or those children's?" she demanded rapidly.

Richard's restraint gave way.

"Do you think it makes me *happy* to bring [illegible] on them?" he said, fiercely. "I'm doing it for my own sake, because if I go under I shall be unmanly to stand up for them, and they will be ground under the iron heel of this Syndicate. You think I'm ruthless, I can see it."

"I don't," she said. "Only it seems hard—for everybody." She changed to another subject. "What are you going to do at the meeting?"

"Nothing," said Richard.

Violet's clasped hands tightened. "Why go, then? Does it mean danger?"

"I'm going," said Richard, "because there isn't a man in Moulden who believes I dare."

"I won't——" She stopped abruptly. Her courage scorned that she should interfere with him. "Can't you do anything?" she pleaded. "Whatever I intend to do must wait."

"Will you afterwards—when you've won?"

Her confidence in him made Richard tremble.

"So help me God," he said, "I will."

She put out both her hands and shook his, and the clouds cleared from her face. "I believe you will," she whispered. Then she stood up suddenly. "There's dad coming," she said.

A couple of hours later Richard set off for Moulden, the hoofs of his horse ringing metallically on the frost-hardened road.

He heard Bagley Church chiming eight o'clock as he entered upon a dark part of the road overhung by trees, and he quickened the pace. He wanted to leave his horse in the stables at the works before proceeding to the square where the meeting was to be held.

A sudden, violent stumble of his horse, terrifying in its unexpectedness, and both horse and rider pitched heavily to the ground. Richard fell on his shoulder and felt it crunch. Then he lost consciousness.

A man darted out from the shadow of the trees, gathered up the broken strands of the rope that, stretched across the road, had brought about the accident, and darted away. The horse, after several mad kicks, regained its feet, and galloped back along the road. Near the hedge Richard lay in a heap, silent.

* * *

Consumed with impatience as time went on, Graill waited about the yard of the works.

Richard had promised to be back by a quarter-past eight, and it was already half-an-hour after that time.

At length it occurred to him that Richard might have proceeded direct to the square. He deliberated, then decided to go there and see.

Graill was a prey to all manner of fears to-night. He had tried all in his power to persuade Richard to keep away from the meeting, fearing that personal damage might be done to him; now, beneath that feeling there was another, an indefinable conviction of catastrophe.

He hurried along to the meeting. It came in sight, a black, palpitating crowd of several hundred men, congregated around a platform lit by torches. Somebody was speaking, speaking loudly, with much emphasis of gesture.

Graill, pushing nearer, recognised him as Mortimer, a rough, eloquent man, afire with wrong.

"He's not comin'," Graill heard. "The man as promised us he'd come and prove he warn't afraid to face the desolation he's helped to bring on them as grew up with him. He's funked it. Richard Selby's a damned coward, a ——"

"Liar!" shouted Graill, and sent his cap spinning towards the speaker. "And every man's a liar who says that of Dick Selby," he said, furiously, to the dozen faces that turned to confront him.

"Yah!" somebody jeered, and the cry was taken up, desultory barkings of spiteful dogs. "Yah! yah! 'E's funked it, the miserable skunk!"

Mortimer held up both hands.

"Listen!" he called. "Nine o'clock chimin'. When that clock's finished strikin' I put this resolution to the meetin': That the workmen o' Moulden are of opinion that this new machinery spells ruin for 'em (groans), that they'll put a stop to it (cheers), by fair means or foul. (A Voice: 'Make scrap iron of 'em,' and uproar.) And, furthermore, that the one man we trusted to behave like a man to friend or foe alike—Richard Selby—is a dirty sneak, a——"

He broke off his ringing denunciation and looked behind him. Several voices were yelling different things at once, as the crowd divided and made a lane, down which Richard strode.

Using his arms and shoulders madly, Graill fought his way to him. In the light of the torches Richard's face showed chalk-white, and there was a blood-streaked handkerchief round his hatless head. Graill followed him.

A strange silence fell upon the crowd as he climbed the steps to the platform. Mortimer stood erect, his hands thrust into his side pockets, waiting.

Absolutely unheeding him Richard took his stand in the centre of the platform and looked slowly round. When he spoke it was in low, distinct tones, which penetrated to the farthermost edge of the crowd.

"A coward, am I?" he said. "Richard Selby a coward! And a hundred voices yapping in delight at the man who said it. Now I'm here you're silent. You shut up in case I should come and ram the lie down your throat.

"What's the resolution?" That you pledge yourselves to stop the manufacture of chain by machinery by fair means or foul—probably foul. My machines is it? Come now! who's got the pluck to say he intends to stop *my* machines?"

A voice: "What yo' goin' to do for us?"

"What am I going to do for you? Nothing that you'll understand. That's why you shout and mutter. I'm doing something for you all the time, only you can't see it. You never can see farther than the rim of a beer-jug."

The sullen muttering grew louder, and there was an ugly surge towards the platform.

"Stand back!" yelled someone. "Give 'im a hearing!"

"I shall keep you just exactly sixty seconds," continued Richard, letting his voice go strong. "Answer me these questions! Am I honest? Am I a worker? Do I pay fair wages? Have I dropped 'em because of this trade war?" ("No, you ain't, but t'others 'ave.") "Am I employing more men than this time last year?" ("Yes.") "At wages better than they can get elsewhere?" ("Yes, but what about *us?*").

Richard flung out a hand towards the square, towering works of the Syndicate.

"That's for you," he said. "Your quarrel's with them, not me. I'm fighting them, and that's how I'm fighting for you. But don't go and make fools of yourselves by thinking you can smash that concern with your puny hands. You can't.

"Who can?" Richard's challenge went out sharp and resistless as a sword.

"*You!*" cried someone in the crowd.

"Who can turn the Yankee trust to rightabouts, and foot it back to the place it came from?"

"*You!*"

"Then——" Richard suddenly became shaky, and his voice sounded weak. He took a desperate grip of himself. "Then hang on!" he shouted. "Wait! Make the best of things, just for a bit, and I'll see you right. There's a nice, grand place ready-made for me. I'll be sailing in there one of these days, and taking the lot of you with me."

He stopped, and seemed to strive to say other things. Then he wheeled about, and walked unsteadily towards Graill, who left his station at the top of the steps and sprang forward.

"My head's a bit rotten," said Richard. "I think I—I'd—" and then he fainted.

[*Another of these stories will appear next week.*—EDITOR.]

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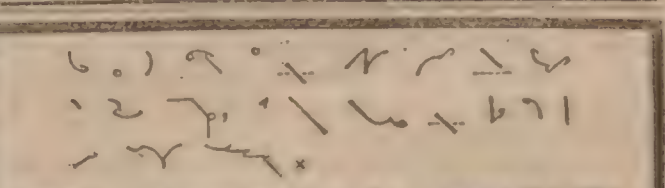

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THE EXPENSES OF A TERRITORIAL OFFICER

WHY NOT TAKE A COMMISSION?

There is still an astonishing number of people in this country who think that His Majesty's commission can only be bought, and that it requires untold wealth to enable a man to serve his King and country as an officer, either in the Regular or Territorial Army.

I am not going to state, as Mr. Haldane recently very rashly did, that Regular officers are adequately paid for their services, for 5s. 3d. a day, with certain meagre allowances, makes a poor salary on which to dress and keep up the position that is expected of an Army officer.

Yet even in the Regular Army there are some branches in which an officer can practically live on his pay—for example, the Engineers, the Army Service Corps, and the Marines.

In a line regiment it is certainly impossible, but the same does not hold good of the Territorial Army under the new scheme.

The Territorial officer receives, while actually serving—that is to say during the annual training, and while at any school of instruction—exactly the same pay and allowances as his Regular brother.

In a corps which lives cheaply and does not do things in the grand style, even if it is not one of the "working corps" of the Army and so entitled to corps pay, the expenses should come to very little more than the receipts, after the initial expenditure on the uniform.

UNIFORM ALLOWANCE.

On joining, or rather soon after he is gazetted, which may be a month or two later, the subaltern receives a cheque for £20 from the War Office, and this is all that the Government will allow him for his uniform.

If he is careful he may get everything he needs for £30 or a little less. This is supposing that full dress is not required, and many Territorial corps have the sense to dispense with it for officers. The extra cost is from 16 to 20 guineas.

All that is absolutely necessary is a complete service kit, but besides this an undress uniform—in most corps a blue patrol—is advisable. Mess kit, which will cost from £6 to £10, may be dispensed with if necessary, for very few corps wear mess kit in camp, and the only other times at which it can be needed are at schools of instruction, when attached to Regular regiments, or at rarely occurring mess dinners.

EXPENSE v. EFFICIENCY.

Of course, much must depend on the corps chosen. If it is of the "featherbed" variety and given to much social entertaining and full dress parading, your uniforms will cost you more, and a frock coat may be added to the list of necessaries.

But you must suit your corps to the length of your purse, and it is no good joining a "crack" corps if you cannot afford to keep pace with the rest. Better join a newer and less expensive one; you will probably learn more practical soldiering and pay less dearly for it.

The prices charged by different outfitters vary considerably, and you can save a lot by getting estimates from several of the large London firms and comparing them.

Be very careful not to go to any but an experienced military tailor, for nothing looks so bad or annoys an adjutant so much as a freak uniform.

Do not put yourself in the hands of an outfitter and get what he says you ought to have. You will find yourself paying heavily for a lot of things you can do quite well without—a tin uniform case, for example, and a boot-jack, or two pairs of overalls, where one would do, for mess or parade.

Get some older hand to give you a few tips. You can save a good deal by getting your accoutrements second-hand—sword, belt, haversack, and so on. They are quite as good, or better, for they have not the objectionable look of newness.

Having once got fitted out, the next expense will be the mess subscription, which again will vary largely with the corps. In the Yeomanry it may touch any sum, but in a cheaper corps it should not exceed £2 per annum, with a £1 entrance fee for a second-lieutenant.

With some of the older-established corps the subscription may be £5 or so, but then one generally gets the use of a fine clubhouse and other advantages.

There, in most cases, the initial expenditure ends, and there is very little else to be considered but the cost of the summer camp, and perhaps a short training or staff ride at Easter or Whitsun. Only the annual training is compulsory.

Pay varies considerably, according to the arm of the service: a second-lieutenant in the Yeomanry getting 6s. 8d. a day, Infantry 5s. 3d., R.F.A. 5s. 7d., R.E. 9s. 7d., and A.S.C. 7s. 9d.

PAY IN CAMP.

Besides this there are various allowances which are the same for all—a messing allowance of 4s., field allowance of 2s. 6d., and so on.

Many Territorial messes, whose committee know how to deal with contractors, live like fighting cocks on 8s. a day per man, while others pay as much as 15s. a day or more. The former allows a subaltern actually to make something out of camp, but the latter leaves him with a pretty heavy deficit.

There are, of course, occasional subscriptions to various funds, but the subaltern is usually let down lightly, and 5s. to the sports' fund will in many cases be all that is demanded of him.

CHEAP RIDES.

His horse and saddlery, if he is in a mounted branch, cost him nothing.

The man who is unable to get in as trooper to one of the crack Yeomanry regiments, therefore, or who does not care about joining an infantry corps in the ranks, might do worse than take a commission. If he is careful and does not do things in too great a hurry at first, it need cost him but little—£10 at the beginning and £5 a year at most, but in many corps much less.

This estimate may horrify many Territorial officers whose expenses come to £50 or £150 a year, but it is based on my own actual experience, and can be kept down, too, in many corps.

M. H. ALLAN.

OATINE IN TUBES.

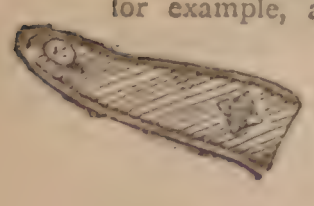
Much interest has been aroused in an innovation created by the Oatine Company, who are now packing Oatine Cream in tubes as well as in jars as formerly. This cream is of special benefit to all who shave, as it soothes the skin in a most astonishing manner.

The Oatine Company send free to all forwarding 3d. in stamps, to cover cost of postage and packing, a dainty box containing samples of eight of their preparations.

Applications should be addressed to the Oatine Company, Denman Street, London, S.E.

LEARNING SHORTHAND.

One of the drawbacks to shorthand is the length of time generally required for learning it; but this objection has now been removed by Mr. Hubert Stewart, of 104, High Holborn, W.C. He guarantees 120 words a minute in six weeks, and those interested in shorthand should certainly write to him for particulars.



GASLIGHT PRINTING.

SOME PHOTOGRAPHIC HINTS

In previous columns I have dealt with the chase of an outfit, correct exposure, and deve ment. The next process in the ordinary rota is printing.

There are numerous kinds of photogra papers. P.O.P., or printing out paper, is the b known and the most widely used. Printi paper is a photographic paper which gives a visible image in the printing frame, and in respect has the advantage over platinotype, w prints out only a very faint image, and still r over bromide, gaslight, carbon, gum bichro and some others which practically give no image in the printing frame.

Another class of paper in general use is toning paper. In this sufficient gold for to incorporated in the coating of the paper to he prints. This was designed to simplify t and it also gives more uniform results.

Having regard to the time of year those are appearing, the amateur would be well a to start with gaslight printing. Like the gaslight paper should be exposed and developed to bring out the image. Alt designated daylight, it can be exposed by day though the use of artificial light is strongly adv

If daylight is used, it must be diffused day from a north window, and the amateur must le the exposure by practice. If artificial ligh used, a few seconds will be long enough for pro ing the average negative.

Exposure will vary according to the the light employed and the distance of the print ing frame from the illuminant. Personal ment is the surest means of ascertaining exposure. This can be economically carried on a slip of paper, an inch wide, placed under negative in the printing frame, and exposed successive sections along the length of the

For example, place the frame at a distan say, 10in. from the light and count ten s then cover, say, a quarter of the negative w piece of card and count another five secon bring the card down so that half the negative covered and count another five seconds; repeat this a third time. The four sections will thus had exposures of ten, fifteen, twenty, and twe five seconds respectively, and the strip may be developed and the correct exposure ascertain

Systematic exposure is essential to success that the distance of the printing frame from light is accurate, so that when repeating exposure you may be sure the conditions are uniform.

Place a box or support of some kind for the printing frame in front of the light, in order to be able to repeat the same conditions as to light sitive. Measure the distance from the negative, and keep a record so as to be able repeat your results.

To prove that the light is evenly diffused at point selected for exposure, take a piece of cardboard the size of the negative, and move position with reference to the light until you find the shortest distance at which an even illumination is secured. The printing frame should be vertical and square to the light to avoid distortion printing.

The gaslight prints need to be developed just a negative in order to bring out the image. makers of various gaslight papers enclose printed formulas for obtaining varied results, and beginner cannot do better than use the formulæ they recommend.

The temperature of the developing solution is of prime importance. Keep the temperature 70 Fahr. for best results.

Development may be effected not only by immersion, but by the use of a brush or mop, or a pad of cotton-wool. Each system has its advantages, perhaps the brush method is preferable, on the score of economy, for prints of large size, and the bath or dipping method for prints of small or medium dimensions. I recommend development by immersion.

THE FINDER.

BRIEF REPLIES.

In this column, the Editor, his staff, and contributors endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.

G. E. M. (Newington Butts).—Certainly the advertiser might do better in a ladies' paper; but, so long as he pays up, and so long as he does all that he professes to do, why should we give him the cold shoulder?

A. B. (Brixton).—Your wishes in regard to the badge have been carried out. We could not have designed anything better than the horseman who has been associated with the paper from its inception.

M. T. (Westcliff).—You should practise the exercises for the toes, which Mr. Mitchell has already given. If these do not meet your purpose you should consult a doctor. You must remember that physical culture will not remedy every physical defect, although it certainly cures many of them.

"SPURS" (Dublin).—Certainly you can join the Army even though you have false teeth, provided the teeth fit you properly and are capable of doing their office. As to the conditions of service, apply to your nearest recruiting sergeant.

S. D. R. (Tyldesley).—Do not start using any sort of lotion to make your hair curl. So long as the present fashion lasts, you want your hair to be as straight as possible, for it is parted in the centre and brushed back at each side.

F. Y. (Bowes Park).—The Middlesex Yeomanry are full up, and so are all the other Yeomanry regiments in and near London. There are comparatively few which have any vacancies throughout the whole length and breadth of the country. We are sorry that our booming of the mounted units has prevented you from gratifying a long-standing desire to be a Trooper, but we think you will agree with us that we have done a useful service to the country in bringing these regiments up to strength.

NOZAZA (Nondweni, Zululand).—Glad to have your support in regard to the "Black versus White" article. We are much interested to learn that the cinematograph reproduction of the Johnson-Burns fight was stopped in your part of the world because of the possible effect it might have on the natives.

A. A. (Salford).—Give your pony a course of condition powders; but beyond that do not attempt to doctor him. If he does not get well, you should certainly call in the services of your local vet.

S. L. (Tilbury).—There is no reason why you should not be a member of our League, even although you have already joined another. We are not going to send prospectuses to the members of our League, neither are we going to try to exploit them in any way.

T. E. (Plymouth).—The trouble with you is that you are too conservative in the matter of dress. You find the same thing in the case of old maids who still wear their hair in ringlets. You may not like a fashion, but still it is policy to adopt it, for if you do not, you will be behind the times. Have your jacket with a slit at the back, no handkerchief pocket on the breast, and have your trousers fitted with a permanent turn-up.

J. R. (West Croydon).—The trouble you experience with leather bootlaces breaking can readily be overcome. Take the laces out occasionally, smear some polish on a rag and run the laces through it. If you do not do this the fibre of the laces will weaken, and they will inevitably break.

G. A. (Birmingham).—Opinions as to the watering of a horse after exercise differ. Some hold that it is perfectly safe to give a horse a big drink of water however hot he may be, provided you do not ask him to do any more work for a while, but the safest plan appears to be not to give a horse any water till he has cooled down a bit.

W. H. (Sevenoaks).—Get a narrow circular collar for your dog. It will not cut the hair as does a collar of the strap shape.

R. T. (Hull).—Do not try to find out our religion. We respect every religion that has manliness as a basis—any form of Christianity, that is.

F. L. (Preston).—In the matter of tipping at a restaurant, a penny for each shilling or part thereof shown on the bill is considered sufficient.

THIS IS THE BEST SEASON FOR CARRYING OUT ALTERATIONS.

There are few men who get the chance of making a garden out of a hitherto uncultivated piece of land, and those who do are to be envied, for if they have the good sense or are compelled by necessity to do most of the work themselves they are provided with a most fascinating pastime and some most excellent exercise to occupy their leisure time for many months.

But they get something more lasting than that—a sense of achievement and a feeling of pride in their own handiwork, which gives them an interest in keeping the garden trim and tidy that they could never otherwise have possessed.

The pleasure, however, need not be entirely denied to those who take over a garden ready-made, or even to those who have had a garden laid out in the every-day sort of way for years.

THE PLEASURE OF HAVING A CHANCE.

Most men know the pleasure that can be derived from periodically shifting the furniture in one's room, and making slight alterations which give a satisfactory air of change.

Why not do the same thing with your garden? It may consist at present of a lawn which is just not big enough to be useful for any game, and which fulfils no useful purpose except to look bare and save the cultivation of the flower beds that might take its place.

And perhaps round the extreme edge of your garden is a flower bed with a straight unbroken border, in which nothing can be planted to advantage and everything seems mixed up.

Why not remodel the whole thing? Would not a number of small beds, which might each be devoted to one or two separate species of plant, look better, with, perhaps, a rockery here and a shrub or a creeper in a narrower border at the side?

As to the best plan for the laying out of a garden, it is impossible to give any general advice, for every plot of ground has characteristics which adapt it to some special treatment, and every owner has different tastes.

MAKING A GARDEN LOOK LARGER.

But the main thing to see to is that the garden should be broken up as much as possible. A comparatively small garden, in which there are nooks and corners which do not all meet the eye at once, and in which shrubs and trees are cleverly planted so as to give shelter and shade, and to shut out eyesores, looks much bigger than even a larger one of the type I have mentioned above, which seems to consist simply of a lawn with a path and a border round it.

If you can devote different parts of the ground to different styles of garden, so much the better. Quite a small plot of ground may often gain greatly in apparent size in this way.

One part may be laid out as a Dutch garden with narrow formal paths and beds, while hidden from it by a trellis and creepers is a small rock garden or a kitchen garden; or a country dweller may have a space kept for wild flowers and cultivated varieties of the same species. And yet the whole may be only a comparatively few square yards in extent.

The breaking-up of a garden is greatly assisted if you can contrive to have different parts of it at different levels, and to put in rustic steps of stone or wood between the two, with perhaps a rustic archway of fir poles or old lichened apple-tree branches.

A pergola, too, of rough wooden arches or of poles and chains on which roses, or even annual creepers, such as canariensis, can be trained, helps considerably to give size to the garden, and is easily made by the amateur.

TO SECURE DRY PATHS.

The making of garden paths, if properly done, will afford some capital exercise, and a little extra care at the beginning will be well repaid later on.

The path should first be hollowed out to a depth of a foot or so, the stuff being piled at one side and the larger stones thrown into a separate heap.

Then a row of what are called "inland" drain pipes should be laid down the centre, or failing that, a channel can be built of good-sized stones.

Then on each side of these, and above them, will be thrown loosely the larger stones you have collected, until the path is within a few inches of the required height, when the top stones must be broken up small with a stone-breaker's hammer, and the looser earth and gravel may be scattered over them and rolled down.

At intervals along the side should be set a gully connected with the centre pipe or channel.

THE PROCESS OF LEVELLING.

The process of levelling a piece of ground often presents difficulties to the amateur, and a few hints on the subject may be useful, as a sloping garden often looks better if split into two distinct levels connected with steps.

All you need is some flat-topped wooden pegs, a long narrow piece of board with a straight edge, a spirit level, and three pieces of lath, or, better still, primitive T-squares, of exactly the same length—about four feet.

Drive in two pegs so that you can rest the board edgeways on the top of them. Lay the spirit level on the board and adjust the height of the pegs until you have the tops at the height you require the ground to be and exactly level.

Then drive in another peg in a straight line with these, set a lath or a T-square on end on the top of each peg and get someone to hold them there. By looking along the tops of the laths you can now adjust the height of the third peg to that of the other two, and the process can be repeated for as many pegs or rows of pegs as you need for guidance.

Then you can set about shifting the earth with shovel and wheelbarrow until it is level with the tops of the pegs.

ALAN HAMER.

CHEAP DENTISTS.

When a man begins to take an interest in his person, one of the first things he looks to is his teeth. It does not matter to him very much what the scientific cause may be, but if his teeth are decayed. or if there are spaces vacant where teeth ought to be, he feels that one of his first expenditures should be upon putting the matter right.

Possibly he cannot afford the prices charged by a first-class dentist, and he goes to one of those people who advertise artificial teeth at a guinea a set.

It is difficult for a dentist to fit a plate with false teeth while natural teeth remain in the gum, and the majority of cheap dentists advise the extraction of all the teeth before they fit their guinea plate.

You should never consent to this being done, for a tooth of your own is worth two artificial ones.

If the cheap dentist insists on removing good teeth before he commences his work, wait till you can afford to patronise a more painstaking, though, perhaps, a more expensive practitioner.

The Outer Man.

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

EVENING DRESS SCARVES—

The man who is in the habit of going out much in evening dress needs something warm and clean in the way of scarves, not only as a protection for his chest against the cold, but to keep his shirt-front from getting soiled by contact with his overcoat.

The usual thing to wear is a plain white scarf, but a very useful alternative, for evening wear alone, is the quilted scarf.

This would make an excellent Christmas present, and I should recommend you to bring it to the notice of some lady friend or relative who is possessed of a sewing-machine and the ability to use it.

It is made usually of satin or Italian silk, and is black on one side and white on the other, being padded with some soft stuff and quilted with diagonal stitching.

The shape of the scarf is very similar to a bishop's stole, being narrow at the back of the neck, and broadening out to cover the shirt front.

It is usually cut so as to leave the collar and tie exposed, so that it is scarcely seen above the opening of the overcoat.

—AND OTHERS.

The most usual scarf, however, for evening, and for more or less formal wear at all times, is one of plain white cashmere.

Here, again, the sewing-machine may be got to work, for a real cashmere scarf, if bought at an outfitter's, is an expensive thing, as they are usually made of an unnecessarily large size.

It is far cheaper to get a yard or so of "nun's veiling" at a draper's, and have it made into scarves of whatever length you require.

The stuff is rather thinner than cashmere, but it can be doubled several times, and it is softer and much cheaper.

The man who can spend what he likes on dress will probably wear a knitted silk scarf, but this is a costly luxury.

Knitted scarves of mercerised cotton, however, look almost as smart, and cost less than half the price. They can be got in various plain colours, but white looks best, and you know when it wants washing.

A fashionable form of scarf just now is a white one with a bar or bars of colour across the ends, just above the fringe.

These are made either in silk or mercerised cotton, or for real winter wear in knitted wool.

They are best adorned with some club colours or others which the wearer has a right to sport.

This is a far better plan than that adopted by many of wearing their club colours all over their woollen scarves in solid blocks.

Scarves of this kind are excellent things to wear with footer togs or when you are "changed" preparatory to indulging in some sport, but for ordinary town wear the white scarf looks best.

EVENING DRESS.

An evening dress suit is a thing that the average man does not buy every year, simply because with the average tailor one has to pay an enormous price, often for a very indifferent fit.

When one is getting a new dress suit, therefore—and this is, of course, the time of year at which it becomes necessary to do so—one likes to get just the latest cut and as good a fit as possible.

There are very few provincial tailors that can provide either of these two necessities, and certainly none who can do so for three guineas.

It is for this reason that I should advise those of my readers whose dress suits have begun to show signs of wear to go to Ellis of the Strand. There are various details of style and cut that only an experienced London tailor really understands, and Mr. Ellis guarantees to fit you perfectly from your own measurements.

How it is done I do not know, but as to the result I can testify.

CONCERNING COLLARS.

The double collar—which, by the way, was and probably is known at at least one of our great public schools by the sobriquet of "Go to H——,"—has never succeeded in making itself fashionable for anything but informal wear with a lounge jacket.

Perhaps "fashionable" is hardly the word, for thousands of otherwise well-dressed men persist in wearing it on informal occasions with a morning coat; but it has never been considered correct—perhaps because it is the most comfortable thing to wear, and it has never received the approval of those who really sway the world of fashion—the editors of the tailoring trade papers.

But for state occasions the double collar is undoubtedly taboo. I have known a man turn up as an inconspicuous guest at a wedding wearing a double collar with a morning coat, and be hustled out of the church to buy a "decent" collar by a brother with a domineering manner and a fault less taste in dress.

Until the advent of the wing collar, comparatively recently, the only alternative was an ordinary "stick-up," or one simply bent over with square corners, and that looked anything but smart.

Even the wing collar, however, now shows signs of returning to the old square-cornered style, though it is still cut on the same principle as that with rounded corners.

The wing collar with sharp points is becoming extremely fashionable, and is often to be seen with lounge jackets as well as with morning coats.

The soft double collar, which was not so very long ago frequently worn with a tweed suit even in town, has now almost disappeared except for country and sporting wear; and even then is almost always of white flannel or white linen, colours being rarely introduced.

KEEPING BREECHES STRAPS TRIM.

Owing to the fact that the tiny buckle is not provided with a revolving roller, breeches straps are very liable to become split and frayed at the edges. In order to prevent this before it is too late, it is worth while holding the buckle and pulling them carefully through until the required hole is reached.

This is very little more trouble than rasping them through against the bar of the buckle, and helps to preserve their appearance.

Removes all bagginess. Gives an elegant crease. Price 5/9 Carriage Paid.

I SAVE YOU 50 per cent. Trouser Pressers and Stretchers, in handsome polished Oak. Full length. Take 4 pair. Guaranteed 5 years. 7 DAYS' APPROVAL. Money returned if not satisfied. *Send Stamped Addressed Envelope for Illustrated List.*

CLIPSON, Manufacturer, 53, Eccles Road, London, S.W.

THE BEST FITTING AND BEST TAILORED EVENING DRESS SUIT IN LONDON.

Now is the time when a man feels the need of an new Evening Dress Suit for the coming Winter Season.

Last year's suit is, perhaps, still presentable, but you know you are not looking your best in it, and at a dance you want to appear as well as possible.

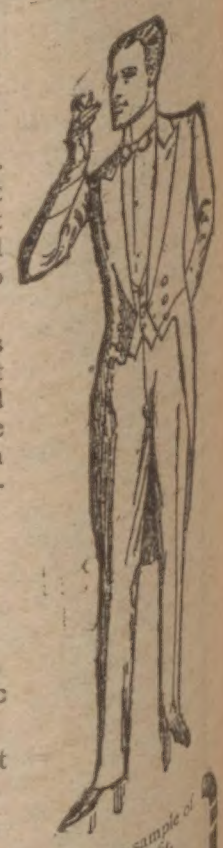
Our new Evening Dress Suit is absolutely the latest in cut, style and finish, and yet, owing to the magnitude of our business, we can produce it for the remarkably low sum of

63/-

The material is Elastic Twill or Black Vicuna.

We guarantee a Perfect Fit by Post.

Patterns and Self-Measurement Form sent to any address. Distance no object.



This is a sample of style and fit. *We give it.*

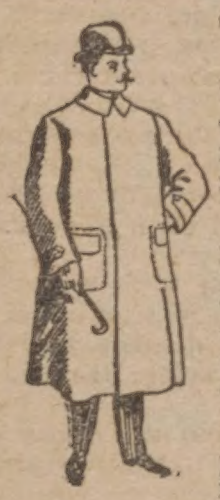
J. & H. ELLIS,

The Smart Set Tailors,

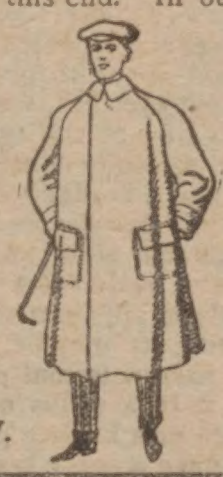
201, STRAND, W.C.,

And 20, FARRINGDON STREET, E.C.

Every Londoner should make a point of calling.



THE true, warm-blooded British sportsman regards with supreme disdain the bad weather so common at this time of the year; he will not allow it to interfere with his movements on any account. This is one of the many qualities which go to make the "Sportsman," and fortunately it is no longer necessary to forfeit either comfort or appearance in attaining this end. In our new waterproofs you may snap your fingers at any weather. They will stand the longest and heaviest downpour without a drop of water penetrating them—we guarantee that. They do not lose their shape. You have a selection of 36 coats to choose from at all prices from 19s. 6d. to 42s., and the range of colours and materials we submit consists only of the very latest and most fashionable goods now on the market.



MAIL A CARD NOW and we will immediately forward particulars and **Full Set of Patterns gratis and post free.** Your money will be returned in full if not satisfied.

Geo. Dudley & Co., Harwood House, Walham Green, LONDON, S.W.

Printed by THE VICTORIA HOUSE PRINTING CO., LTD., Tudor Street, Whitefriars, London, E.C., and published for the Proprietor by ODHAMS, LTD., 67, Long Acre, London. Annual Subscripiton 8s. 8d., to be sent to THE MODERN MAN Subscription Department, 67, Long Acre, W.C.
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Readers' Sale and Exchange.

All Advertisements are subject to the Revision of the Sales Editor, and the Right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.

In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a postal order reckoned at a penny a word, with a minimum of a shilling for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 67, Long Acre, London, W.C.

The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

"Look!" Just the thing. "Week-ender" suit case, nickel fittings; 5s.; astounding value.—S. B., 75, Leighton Road, Southville, Bristol.

Wanted, brown leggings and pair of brown shooting boots, size 7½ or 8in., in good condition.—Box 1287, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Two pairs Riding Breeches in splendid condition, made of finest material, cost 25s. pair, hardly used, accept 22s. to clear both pairs.—Box 1275, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

For sale, a dress suit, in very good condition, suitable for a gentleman about 5ft. 9in., with 39in. chest, price 15s. 6d.; also a grey check Scotch tweed overcoat, length 44in., chest 43in., good condition, price 15s.—Box 1304, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

For the Modern Mac see advt., Dudley, page 24.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Roller Skates, cost 18s. 6d., take 10s.; spring grips (Sandow's), 8s. 6d., or nearest offers.—Box 1282, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Sandow's dumb-bells, 12s. 6d.; Sandow's "Strength and How to Obtain It," 2s. 6d.; sell lot 8s.; splendid condition.—Rundle, 23, Headland Park, Plymouth.

·297/·230 Martini pattern rook and rabbit rifle, good condition, 350 cartridges, 16s.—Box 1290, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

I supply and exchange everything for physical culturists and athletes; specialities, boxing gloves, punch balls, disc barbells, developers.—Jenkins, Sports Outfitter, Radford Road, Nottingham.

Revolvers, ·22, new, 18s., ·32, 20s., ·22 long Webley target, new, 32s. 6d., or exchange. 40/40 colt, new service or frontier.—Box 1295, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

To Leicester Readers.—Strength! Suppleness! Agility! The greatest of Physical Culture systems, combined with agility exercises; six weeks' course 5s.; boxing 7s. 6d.—Baker, 107, Kirby Road, Leicester.

Sell Sandow Developer, with chart, or exchange Sandow Grip Dumb-bells.—Box 1299, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

"DIGS."

Comfortable board-residence, two or three friends, in old farmhouse, near London; rough shooting, fishing, &c.; terms moderate.—Box 1251, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Gentleman wants Diggings in Farmhouse, within easy reach of London, as he must travel to town daily.—State full particulars and terms to Box 1154, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

DOGS.

Fox Terrier, wire-haired, by Durban Dasher—Sunbury Suffragette, broken to ferrets, not afraid of gun, excellent retriever, and very obedient; £4 10s.—Box 1293, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

POULTRY YARD.

Foster-mother, 100 chicken size, practically new, good make, on wheels, three compartments, glass panels; list price £3 10s. 6d., accept 40s.—Box 1303, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

MUSIC.

Banjo, Zither, five stringed, cost £2 15s., almost new, silver-plated rim; accept 26s.—Lord, 25, Burlington Street, Manchester.

Violin, bow and case, good condition, £1; bargain; suit beginner.—Box 1295, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

JEWELLERY.

Gent's watch, keyless, perfect timekeeper, rolled gold finish; 3s. 6d., post free; approval willingly.—C. Rowbotham, 100, Morley Street, Bradford.

EDUCATIONAL.

"Harmsworth Self-Educator," bound, half morocco, cost £3; "Harmsworth History of the World," cost 25s. What offers?—Box 1285, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Engineers, study this winter Rankin Kennedy's "Electrical Installations," 4 vols., 17s. 6d.—"Yorks," Box 1286, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Shorthand (Pitman's) Taught in Twelve Easy Lessons; inclusive fee 3s., first lesson 4d. stamps.—Box 1294, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Copperplate handwriting was thought to be a gift belonging to few. They got the best positions. Now is *your* chance to learn by new simple method. Complete lessons, postal order 1s. 2d.—Box 1289, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Shorthand.—See Sloan-Duployan advt., page 19.

CYCLES.

Royal Enfield Cycle (gent.'s), 24in. light roadster, good condition, 50s.—Box 1296, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Gentleman's bicycle, good condition, selling through illness. What offers?—Box 1302, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

MEDICAL.

Certain cure for Catarrh, Neuralgia, Headache, &c.; no drugs, no fake; receipt 1s.—Box 1288, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

"WHY NOT" send for a bottle of Dr. Carter's Embrocation? The athlete's friend.—See Model Home Specialities advertisement, page 16.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

Advertiser (30) wants good situation as clerk, manager, or any responsible position. Trustworthy, abstainer.—Box 1301, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Our agents make £5 per week; you can easily sell our Gas Saver, price 8d. each; sample dozen, 4s. 9d.; you can sell six dozen every day.—S. W. Bedford and Co., Brass Specialities, 3, Lightwoods Road, Birmingham.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Stammering effectually cured by correspondence or personally; treatise lent free.—N. H. Mason, 30, Fleet Street, London. Established 1876.

"Money-making Secrets" (400), 1s. 2d.; 500 veterinary recipes, 1s. 2d.; both books 1s. 7d., for advertisement.—Philip Hughes, Publisher, Weston-super-Mare.

Athletes' Embrocation Recipe. Postal orders 6d.—Box 1292, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

I Sell 100 Cigarettes for 9d.—Send P.O. crossed to Coller, 49, Kirby Road, Leicester.

Muscle oil, invaluable to athletes and others suffering from stiff joints or rheumatism; recipe for above, P.O. 6d.—Box 1291, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Handsome Gent's real lever simulation gold watch, keyless; guaranteed perfect timekeeper; 3s. 6d. post free.—Wellworth, Norwood Road, Herne Hill.

Wanted, really good portmanteau for cash, cheap; expanding side preferred; approval.—Flemons, Somercotes, Derbyshire.

Moustache Invigorator; genuine prescription for the production of a luxuriant moustache; P.O. 2s. 6d.—Box 1284, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Safety razors, with stropper; 1s. 1d., post free; shaving one round of pleasure.—Muir's, Linthorpe Road, Middlesborough.

MISCELLANEOUS.

What offers? Nearly new Yost Typewriter, in perfect working order.—Box 1297, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Handsome Gent's Double Simulation Gold Albert—1s. post free; with free gift of handsome seal to wear with same.—Wellworth & Co., Norwood Road, Herne Hill, S.E.

Wanted, a good safety razor outfit, complete. English heavy blade pattern.—Box 1300, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

Apples, selected cooking, dessert; direct from grower; Blenheim Orange, Ribston Pippin, King Pippin. — Quotations from Ewins, Defford, Worcester.

Remington typewriter, splendid condition, less than half price new.—Box 1298, "The Modern Man," 67, Long Acre, London.

PAWNBROKER'S CLEARANCE SALE.

Full List of 1,500 Special Bargains, Post Free.

10S. 6D.—Gent's 18-carat Gold-cased Chronograph Stop Watch, jewelled movement, perfect timekeeper; ten years' warranty. Also Double Curb Albert, Seal attached, same quality. Three together, great sacrifice, 10s. 6d., worth £2 2s. Approval willingly before payment.

19S. 6D.—Gent's Fashionable Dark Brown Tweed Suit, splendid quality. Tailor-made, latest West-End cut and finish, never worn. Breast 38in., waist 35in., leg 32½in. Sacrifice, 19s. 6d. Worth £3 3s. Approval willingly.

10S. 6D.—Organ-tone Melodeon, magnificent 63s. instrument, registered model, 12-fold bellows (metal bound), 40 sets reeds, 4 acting stops, 2 bass chords. Rich, powerful tone, perfect order. Sacrifice, 10s. 6d. Approval willingly.

25S.—Very fine Old Violin, perfect condition, labelled Peter Guarnerius, Anno 1712. Rich, mellow tone. Bow and case. Suit professional or soloist. Sacrifice, 25s., worth £10. Approval.

29S. 6D.—(Worth £7 7s.) Double Breech-Loader Gun; 12-bore, top lever, proof tested barrels, left choke, rebounding locks, central fire; sacrifice 29s. 6d. Also another, hammerless, worth £10 10s.; sacrifice, 65s. Approval.

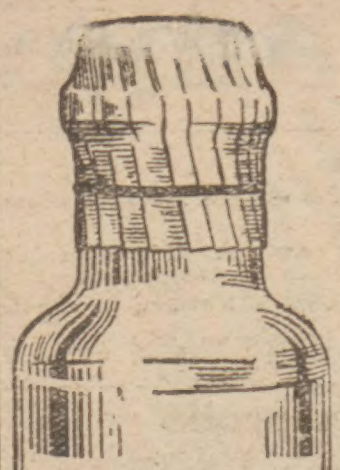
21S.—Gent's £5 5s. Solid Silver, Real English Hall-marked Lever Watch; exam. by the celebrated watchmaker, W. Russell, London; high-grade jewelled movement; timed to a few seconds a month; ten years' warranty. Also Gent's Solid Silver English Hall-marked Massive Curb Albert, with Silver Compass attached. Together, great sacrifice, £1 1s. Approval before payment.

29S. 6D. Service A 1 quality Spoons and Forks.—Five dozen solid silver-plated, stamped E.P.N.S., A 1, 12 each Table, Dessert Spoons and Forks and Teas, 60 pieces. Sacrifice, 29s. 6d.; list price £10 10s.; half quantity, 15s. Approval willingly before payment.

12S. 6D.—Real Russian Furs—latest style. Magnificent rich dark sable brown, 8ft. long Granville Stole, deep shaped collar, richly satin lined, beautifully trimmed 12 Russian tails and heads, and handsome large Granny Muff to match. Together, great sacrifice, 12s. 6d. Sent for inspection quite privately before payment.

9S. 6D.—Gent's Fashionable Double Albert, 18ct. gold (stamped) filled, curb pattern; solid links; worth £2 2s.; sacrifice, 9s. 6d. Approval.

DAVIS & CO. (Dept. 4), Licensed Pawnbrokers, 284, Brixton Road, London, S.W.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5 to 10 " - 10 " 20 "
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THE DOSE FOR AN ADULT IS ONE TEA-SPOONFUL, NIGHT AND MORN ING, HALF-AN-HOUR BEFORE FOOD.
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BIRLEY'S PHOSPHORUS

FOR ONE WEEK

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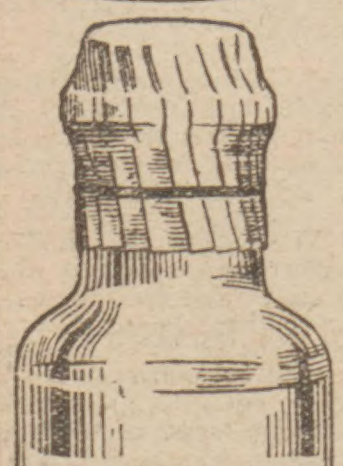
It is an acknowledged fact that a lowered nervous system means a diminished amount of Phosphorus in the Brain. The Brain is the seat of nearly all the Phosphorus that the human body naturally possessos, and it is the presence of this wonderful element in the Brain that enables it to act—to think, to control, to direct our every action, to maintain our health, and to fight against and ward off disease.

Continued strain on the Brain and Nerves diminishes or uses up the Phosphorus at too great a rate, and when it is below Nature's level there quickly follows one or other of the many nervous troubles so prevalent.

It is self-evident what is required of us—we must give back to the brain and nerves the Phosphorus that we unconsciously squander.

PHOSPHORUS **PROPERLY** ADMINISTERED

CURES ALL NERVE COMPLAINTS


REGISTERED.—
Pursuant to "Trade Marks Registration Act," 1875.
Class 3.
BIRLEY'S
PHOSPHORUS
FOR
BRAIN AND NERVES.
TABLE OF DOSES.
Under 5 years - 5 to 10 drops
5 to 10 " - 10 " 20 "
10 to 14 " - 20 " 30 "
15 to 20 " - 30 " 45 "
21 and over - 50 " 60 "
THE DOSE FOR AN ADULT IS ONE TEA-SPOONFUL, NIGHT AND MORN ING, HALF-AN-HOUR BEFORE FOOD.
PREPARED BY
GORDON, MURRAY & CO. Ltd
10, Adam Street,
Strand, London, W.C.

It has very remarkable powers, and is a speedy and safe cure for Neuralgia, Headache, Sleeplessness, Nervous Indigestion, Palpitation, Hysteria, Neuritis, Nausea, Loss of Memory, Faintness, St. Vitus' Dance, Trembling, Vertigo, or Giddiness, and those ***vague and undefined nervous conditions*** (all real and distressing to the patient) of Neurasthenia, viz.: Over-sensitiveness, lassitude, ill-temper, vague fears, despondency or depression, morbid forebodings, irritability, restlessness, melancholia, moroseness, general nervous debility, and mental exhaustion, with inability to concentrate the mind.

Each and every one of these distressing conditions can be made to yield to and disappear under the direct influence of Birley's Phosphorus.

Oppressed by worry, anxiety, overwork, and heavy responsibilities, the nervous system deteriorates, and leaves the way open for all manner of complaints. Birley's Phosphorus should here be allowed to give its incomparable aid. It invigorates, sustains, strengthens, and fortifies the nervous system.

As a revivor during stress of extra business and overwork it is invaluable, for it quickens and enriches the brain and nerves that bear the strain. It promotes recovery after illness.

Phosphorus is not one of those things that can be administered to the human body in a haphazard manner. The only form known to medical science to which can be laid definite claims of certainty of action is that introduced by the late Dr. Samuel Birley, and styled Birley's "Plain" Syrup of Free (or unoxidised) Phosphorus.

Distinct from Phosphorus as ordinarily understood and compounded by the chemist, this form is capable of being assimilated—that is, in consequence of its being held in perfect solution by a special process of manufacture, it is certain of entry into the blood-stream, to be carried thereby direct to the brain, the central station of the nervous system, and thus absorbed and established as part and parcel of the brain itself. By this means the brain and nervous system can be supplied with the one element they alone are in need of, and so maintained in a state of perfect and positive efficiency.

Birley's Phosphorus is obtainable of all Chemists, &c., I/I½, 2/6, 4/6.

SEND THIS COUPON (D.X. 35) TO-DAY

to Gordon, Murray, and Co., Ltd., 10, Adam Street, Strand, London, W.C., with Four Penny Stamps to cover Parcel Postage, Packing, and Dispatching, and the generous-size Trial Bottle of Birley's Phosphorus, as illustrated above (containing a week's supply), will be forwarded by return. Also pamphlet explaining how Phosphorus acts on the system. **ONE** Trial Bottle **Only** to each applicant. Trial Bottles cannot be sent abroad.

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